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PRESIDENT GREEN of the A. F. of L. and President Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America, with their respective committees, have called on President Coolidge. One quarter of a million miners are on strike, they said; miners' wives and children are cold and hungry and homeless; thugs patrol the mines and beat up the strikers; coal mining at best is a wet, filthy, dangerous occupation; at worst, when a living wage is not paid, it is not to be borne; and when, as now, the price of coal is being artificially depressed an investigation into the industry as a whole is pressing. President Coolidge heard them courteously; at the close of an hour's talk he turned to Mr. Lewis. "What town," he asked, "is the center of the mine strike?" Mr. Lewis named a town in Pennsylvania. The President touched a button at his desk; a secretary entered. "Bring my hat and coat and a traveling bag," the President said, "and come back in ten minutes prepared to go with me to X....., Pennsylvania." In fifteen minutes by the clock Mr. Coolidge stood up. "Will you accompany me, gentlemen?" He turned to the telephone. "Tell my wife I shan't be home for dinner." They followed him meekly into a waiting motor; they were mute as they boarded a train, as it sped through autumn fields. The President said nothing, apparently deep in thought; no one interrupted him. At their destination he turned to Mr. Lewis. "Come with a representative of the miners in this district to a conference at eight o'clock tonight." He dismissed the motor and asked to be directed to the mines. Nor would he permit any one to accompany him. He spent the afternoon talking to strikers and their families, to police, to mine guards, and finally to the president of the mining company, breathlessly summoned by telegraph to meet the President of the United States. He was conducted through a mine, he sat down in half a dozen miner's houses. During the half day he spent thus he said little and listened much.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK he was ready for his conference. "Gentlemen," he said, turning first to the leader of the operators, then to the spokesman for the miners, "gentlemen, this strike must be settled and settled quickly. If you"—to the operator—"cannot run your mines and pay a living wage, the government will. You can doubtless confer more freely by yourselves although I am at your service if you want me. In seven days if you and your associates"—with a sweep of his arm he included miners and operators alike—"have not reached a decision, the government will interfere." He stood up and made as if to leave the room and then—and then we woke up! We shook the sleep from our eyes. There was no conference, there was no Presidential ultimatum, there was no personal investigation of the mine strike. The president of the American Federation of Labor and the president of the United Mine Workers of America had called on the President of the United States. But President Coolidge was not galvanized into action by the tale of the miners' troubles. He opined that perhaps the matter might be referred to the Interstate Commerce Commission or maybe to the Secretary of Labor. He passed the buck. And he will continue to do so. What is a President for, anyway? He shakes hands, he attends banquets, he makes speeches. He obeys the orders of big business. And for some reason which we are unable to ascertain, everybody—except the miners—seems reasonably satisfied.

CONGRESS OPENS with a multitude of pressing questions demanding attention. It is to be a short session because of the inevitable desire of the members to go to the Presidential conventions and to enter early the Presidential campaign. So the tendency will be to dodge important votes as much as possible. Some matters cannot, however, be sidestepped—the Mississippi flood relief and prevention, reduction of taxes, aid for the farmers, Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, and probably the merchant marine and the return of the sequestered enemy property. Here are issues enough to keep Congress at work for a long time,

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in addition to the usual appropriation bills, and the seating or unseating of Senators-elect Vare and Smith. What Congress lacks, of course, is clarifying principles. Should there be government ownership of the fleet and not of the great power plants? Ought Congress not to declare itself as to this whole question of super-power and water-powers? Then there is evidence that the Interstate Commerce Commission will turn back to the national legislature the question of railroad consolidation. For seven years the commission and the railroad presidents have wrangled with this question without being able to reach any solution—the presidents cannot agree among themselves though warned that their failure to do so will give great impetus to the movement for government ownership of all railroads. Irrigation and immigration, the size of the navy—these are still other problems with which Congress must deal, and all the time its members will be thinking first and foremost of the elections and their personal destinies. For the Progressive group the session brings a magnificent opportunity. We look forward with confidence to their embracing it.

AS TO TAXES, the determined efforts to relieve business of more of its tax "burdens"—how light they would seem to a British or German business man!—will probably result in a decrease of from $225,000,000 to $250,000,000 in government income. That prospect has not satisfied that pestiferous organization of big business, the United States Chamber of Commerce, which has for some time past been working itself up to the point of believing that to it belong the functions both of the Executive and of Congress. Its demand that the reduction be $400,000,000 has had the extraordinary effect of drawing fire from the usually impassive Mr. Coolidge—we do not recall a similar outburst against Big Business since that gentleman entered the White House. The Democrats will demand more than the Republicans will be willing to grant, not because of principle, of course, but merely in order to spar for the position of being most friendly to the dear taxpayer. As for the inheritance taxes, the House Committee on Ways and Means has for the moment scotched the movement to remove them, but the lobby will be heard from yet. It is reported to have fat-salaried agents at work arguing that the federal inheritance tax should go because it encroaches on what ought to be the special taxing ground of the States. This is a specious and dishonest plea and we are sorry, indeed, to see that Governor Smith has been beguiled into a reserved approval of the move. Of course, the intention is, first to persuade the federal Government to abolish the tax, and then to induce the individual States to follow Florida in abandoning it as an inducement to multimillionaires to live within their boundaries. *The Nation* wishes to go on record again as opposing any tinkering with the inheritance tax and any reduction of revenue at present. It believes the policy of reducing the national debt as fast as possible to be the sound and desirable one.

"POLISH-LITHUANIAN WAR THREATENED," the headlines say. Which indicates how easily we forget. For Poland and Lithuania have been technically at war since 1920; they have never made peace. Their war is one of the scandals of the League of Nations closet, and it is natural that the Great Powers should resent Russia's action in calling attention to the danger there. Under the auspices of the League Poland and Lithuania signed an armistice on October 7, 1920, settling their frontier. Vilna, her capital, was naturally left to Lithuania. On October 9 an independent Polish general, Zeligovski, seized the city. The Powers protested; the League summoned Poland and Lithuania to Geneva and announced that, under its own auspices, it would hold a plebiscite in Vilna district. It instructed Zeligovski to get out. But he did not, and Poland refused to oust him, though the League took steps to assemble an international army to put him out. The Poles calmly thumbed their noses at the League, and in the end the League pusillanimously backed down. Poland annexed Vilna; the League and the Great Powers recognized its act of violence. Year after year little Lithuania has gone to Geneva with fresh hopes, but each time her complaints have been referred to a committee for quiet burial. Recently there have been rumblings indicating that Poland was preparing to pocket the rest of Lithuania. Pilsudski made a martial tour of Vilna; Lithuanian revolutionists admitted receiving help from Poland; the Polish arsenals worked on night shifts. Naturally and properly, since Poland's other neighbors were neglecting their duty, Soviet Russia voiced a protest. And France and England dare to call it a provocative act.

INDEED, THE ATTITUDE of the Powers toward Russia's participation in the Disarmament Conference is impudently amusing. Russia, the dispatches from London and Paris declare day after day, is going to Geneva to make trouble. She is allying with Germany, and horrible visions of a Russo-German bloc at the conference fill the newspaper columns. But what will this Russo-German bloc do? Apparently it plans to point out that Germany is disarmed, that France has the largest army in the world, that England is spending more on armaments than before the war. It plans to denounce the French metaphysical plea that nations must have security before they can disarm, and to assert that disarmament makes security. In short, they plan to disturb the Disarmament Conference by boldly proposing disarmament!

DOWN IN THE BALKANS there are more martial rumblings. France and Italy are playing for the balance of power—and the result is a series of treaties of friendship which belie their names. France has long acted as the protector of Jugoslavia. Two years ago she proposed a tripartite Italo-Franco-Jugoslav peace pact. Italy refused it, apparently resenting France's assumption of a role in the Balkans. Instead Mussolini put through in December, 1926, the Treaty of Tirana which made Albania, theretofore a sort of no man's land between Italy and Jugoslavia, almost an Italian province. France waited; finally, on Armistice Day, 1927, she signed a mild-looking "treaty of friendship and arbitration" with Jugoslavia. The French insisted that the treaty had been drawn up eighteen months ago, and was as innocent as her pacts with Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Poland, and Rumania. But the official communique added that the two governments were "in perfect agreement in all questions touching the two countries," and the Jugoslav press frankly shouted that the treaty would put Mussolini in his place. Mussolini is a man of action. Eleven days later he signed a new treaty with Albania binding it for twenty years to an "unalterable defensive alliance" with Italy—further asserting his de facto control of the mountain principality. And so it goes. Mussolini is now seeking to strengthen his alliance with Jugoslavia's northern neigh-

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bor, Hungary; and to defeat the French effort to bring Serbia and Bulgaria together. Meanwhile, both France and Italy are arm-deep in the Rumanian muddle. Yet doubtless, when the League meets at Geneva, the representatives of both countries will loudly proclaim their passionate devotion to the cause of peace.

STRAWS IN THE WIND have been pointing to the weakening of the Bratianu power in Rumania. After the acquittal of M. Manoilescu, charged with Carolist plots, newspapers became so bold that the old, rigid censorship was reestablished; but not before all sorts of rumors had been carried across half a continent to Carol in Paris: Bratianu was ill and helpless; the people had cheered Manoilescu's acquittal; Bratianu had offered Carol any sum he would name to renounce the throne again, publicly and in writing, before his father's death; Bratianu had refused the dying Ferdinand's request to see his son once more—so the rumors ran. And on top of them, with censorship clamped down over press and tongue, with a dramatic suddenness that any political lion might envy, the lion, Bratianu, the strong man of Rumania, died. When dynasties crash, their falling timbers may crush a nation. So Rumania lies for the moment dazed and helpless. Smaller men scurry around to form a ministry, a regency. Carol in Paris must be filled with hope—if not immediately of the throne, then for a place on the Regency Council and a voice in the government. Jon Bratianu's brother is head of the ministry in his place, but little is expected of him. So desperate is the political situation that a council meeting was held on the funeral train which bore Bratianu's body to its rest. The future of Rumania, and with it the future of the Balkans, is in the air. So must the future always be at the end of a dictatorship. Which is one of the merits of that much-abused form of government—democracy.

AGAIN THE STANDARD OIL of New York offends capitalistic decency by entering into another agreement with the Soviet Government for the purchase of Russian oil. This contract, making the fourth between the two parties, calls for 60,000 tons per year for a period of six years. With it the Standard's total purchases will amount to approximately 1,700,000 tons. Distributed annually the contracts call for about 400,000 tons of oil per year. These successive contracts and steadily increasing figures may be hailed as the signs of a coming rapprochement between the Soviet Union and the United States as, indeed, they seem to indicate. But more important is the strengthening of the credit position of the Soviet Government, making it more likely that it will be able to obtain capital in the United States. Sir Henri Deterding of the Royal Dutch-Shell, who has been bitterly opposed to any trade relations (in oil) with Russia, has of course opposed these contracts of the Standard Oil. In fact, he has retaliated with a price-cutting war against the New York Standard in India, and threatens to extend it to other important markets. With this fourth contract, therefore, the Standard Oil simply widens the rift in the "solid" capitalistic front against Russia. And to make matters worse for the Royal Dutch-Shell, Spain has now joined the ranks of defection, ordering one-half of her oil supply from Russia. For a while after the break with England things looked bad for Russia—as though Sir Henri might have his way—but now Mr. Stalin has some reason to smile.

"GO SOUTH TO TENNESSEE"—this is the slogan of the Tennessee Electric Power Company. In the *Textile World* for November 12 it gives some interesting "facts and figures about labor in Tennessee" to encourage the southward migration of capital. We quote:

> *Supply*—Native Anglo-Saxon workers—the type that seeks to profit to the fullest extent through gainful occupation rather than attempts to reduce the number of working hours per week. . . .
>
> *Hours*—Day and night operations are permitted in Tennessee mills for both male and female labor. Women may be employed a total of fifty-seven hours per week. Double-shift work reduces overhead costs.
>
> *Wages*—Latest data give average weekly earnings of textile operatives, male and female, as $13.63. Last census report showed $16.44 as the average weekly earnings of employees in 4,589 industries.

Furthermore, one learns that Southern industries, besides paying a weekly wage nearly three dollars below the average of the country, "operate almost without exception on an open-shop basis."

RAYNA PROHME was one of those flaming personalities who leave a blaze of light behind them. Yet she groped, as most young Americans do in this erratic age; the University of Chicago, the literary coteries of American cities, meant little to her. She drifted to China with her second husband, William Prohme—and there she suddenly ceased drifting. She became a part of the rising tide of Chinese Nationalism. Beginning as subeditor of Eugene Chen's *People's Tribune* in Peking, she rose to responsibility. A slight wisp of a red-haired girl, she had the courage of her big convictions. One Chinese editor was shot; the others did not dare visit the office; Rayna Prohme produced the daily paper almost single-handed. When Chang Tso-lin's men threatened to suppress it, she moved the paper to her own home, and edited it under the extraterritorial protection of the American flag—extraterritoriality never served a better purpose. Later, she went with her husband to Canton, and after the victorious northern expedition of the Nationalists, to Hankow. There again she edited the only English-language Nationalist paper in China. Her last act as editor was to publish Madame Sun Yat-sen's despairing Appeal to the Chinese People (published in *The Nation* for September 21) against the orders of the militarist who was bloodily suppressing the labor and peasant unions. Then, with Mrs. Sun, she left for Moscow, where she died. Though ostracized by colonial-minded Americans of the Chinese cities, and distrusted by her own Government's officials, Rayna Prohme's passionate devotion will be remembered in China when consuls and ministers are forgotten.

"CHARLES F. DOLE IS A SAINT," John Haynes Holmes wrote in the review of "My Eighty Years" which appears in this issue of *The Nation*. "He will feel at home and enjoy congenial company when he gets to heaven." The words were prophetic; Dr. Dole has gone to meet that company since the lines were written. What Dr. Holmes wrote of the prophet in Jamaica Plain leaves little to be added. He lived an exciting life; unlike the novelists he found virtue interesting and made it infectious. Some thousands of us must be decenter human beings for our contacts with and memories of Dr. Dole.

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Peace or War?

PEACE and war—the press is full of news relating thereto. The Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations is meeting at Geneva with the Russians in attendance. The British press is still stirred by the cut in the Admiralty's building program and the extraordinary public manifestations of a desire that England shall disarm and keep out of dangerous foreign entanglements. "Disarmament," Ernest Marshall cables to the New York *Times*, "has been easily first among the week's topics. Speeches innumerable have been made about it both in and out of Parliament." The politicians, he says, "realize that a generation which is still scarred by the wounds of war wants peace preserved and believes that the old Roman doctrine that being prepared for war is the best way of avoiding it was exploded in 1914." Mr. Marshall also reports that, in addition to Field Marshal Sir William Robertson's recent unqualified denunciation of war and his demand for disarmament, another distinguished general who fought with honor in the World War is standing for Parliament as an advocate of universal disarmament. As for Lord Robert Cecil, he has not only resigned from the Cabinet on the disarmament issue, he is constantly speaking on the question. Indeed, he has just stated in *John Bull* that war is "international madness"; that the world must "disarm or perish"; that delay is most dangerous, and that "every month we delay, the old vested interests, material and moral, strengthen their hold." This weekly declares in a special issue devoted to disarmament and peace, that a million British men ought to refuse to fight under any circumstances.

Yet Europe is shivering with alarm over the Polish threat to Lithuania, with its possibility of another war between Poland and Russia, the unsettled conditions in Rumania, and the continuing menace to peace which is Mussolini—a menace little diminished by the new offensive and defensive alliance between Italy and Albania. Russia herself is kept in a constant state of unrest because of her fear of an attack headed by the British. So the daily dispatches from abroad speak of "half a dozen" places in the Near East where hostilities may flare up at any moment. Lord Robert Cecil has thus the best of arguments for declaring that there is no time to lose, and Lloyd George has joined Foch in declaring that a new world war will be here within ten years if things continue as now. So apparent has been the menace to peace that a War Danger Conference has just been meeting in London and was addressed, among others, by General von Schoenaich, a former German army officer now an ardent pacifist, and, in the form of a communication, by Henri de Jouvenal, lately one of the French delegates to the League of Nations. Speaking to this conference, Francesco Nitti, the former Premier of Italy, declared that never had the nations "armed themselves in so mad a fashion as since the existence of the League of Nations." He, too, deems war inevitable if Mussolini remains ten years at the helm of Italy. That dictator's plan of making a great Italian empire Nitti characterizes as the creation of the "vanity of a madman." At this same conference America was denounced by Englishmen "as undoubtedly the most ruthless and aggressively imperialistic nation at present," and as "the source of the greatest danger of future wars." "They cry peace, peace, but there is no peace."

And in this emergency where stands the United States? Well, President Coolidge has signalized the opening of the Disarmament Conference by saying that "there is no short cut to peace any more than to any other form of salvation." The Borah proposal to outlaw war is something to approach with fear and trembling, he is quoted as saying, the chief obstacle to the plan being in his mind that provision in the federal Constitution which gives Congress the sole power to make war. Next, blowing hot after this cold draft, Mr. Coolidge is quoted as comforting himself with the thought that a treaty providing for the outlawry of war, "while it would amount to a declaration of policy [*sic*], might be helpful in promoting the sentiments of peace." Here we have the characteristic attitude of the statesman in office toward any new proposal for exorcising war. He fears; he trembles; he vacillates; he wonders if public sentiment will back him up; he hopes that it will help to strengthen the spirit for peace, but he sees constitutional or other difficulties in the way; finally he issues a statement as confused as the one above. To take his courage in both hands and to insist that the obstacles shall be overcome and the definite advance toward peace made—that is beyond him.

Naturally Senator Borah challenges the President's position, with all the weight of his standing as a high constitutional authority, and declares that the reverse of what the President says is true; that there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent the United States from entering into contracts with other nations to outlaw war. If the President were right it would then be his duty, in our judgment, to work for a constitutional amendment to legitimize the proposal which is one of the great steps toward peace that the world can take promptly. We do not claim for it that it will end all war. We do maintain that it is one of the steps to remove the evil which Lord Robert Cecil is correct in saying must be banished or it will destroy the world.

We are aware, of course, that President Coolidge sincerely desires to achieve something notable for peace before he leaves office for good. Trustworthy information which comes to us from high sources makes it plain that he is talking and thinking a good deal about it. The danger lies in his timidity and in that ineptitude which made him ruin the tripartite naval conference at Geneva by failing to ascertain diplomatically in advance of its meeting what could be accomplished, and by selecting a second-rank diplomat and a belligerent naval officer to represent the United States. So, while he feels himself compelled to throw cold water upon Senator Borah's plan for the outlawry of war, he makes no mention of Ambassador Houghton's far-reaching and vitally important proposal to take the war-making power out of the hands of the "little groups of men" who constitute cabinets and governments and to put it into the hands of the people themselves by ordaining a referendum on war. Here is another constructive plan which, as we have already pointed out, is a great contribution to the discussion. That Europe is so filled with talk of disarmament and war prevention is the most hopeful sign that the calamity may be averted. But why should not America sound the note of courage and of leadership instead of one of doubt and vacillation?

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The Negligible Graduate Student

TIME was when the graduate student in America stood obscurely but definitely as a symbol of pedantry. It was he—the understudy of the professor—who represented "mere" learning, and who was thought to be the kind of man one could never get an opinion from without having first to listen to a confusing number of hems and haws and qualifications. He burrowed away in the stacks of university libraries, digging up data for a book which after appropriate delays would be published between gray paper covers and never cause a ripple in the stream of contemporary life—though eventually, perhaps, what he had discovered and recorded might influence other scholars. In a word, he was a scholar, and paid the penalties as well as reaped the rewards of being that. The world has ever been respectful of scholarship, even when it laughed at it, just as it has bowed to authority of any sort with sometimes an embarrassed smile on its face. The world, even, has had its furtive admiration for pedantry, which it has never tried too hard to distinguish from scholarship—and which may not be so different from it after all, save with respect to the "value" of the thing that happens in the one case or the other to be the object of research. And who is to decide that question of value?

Now all is different, if we are to accept the recent report of Frederic J. E. Woodbridge, Dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University, to President Butler. Dean Woodbridge is speaking, of course, for Columbia; but he intimates that he may be speaking for other American universities as well, and we believe that he is. He dismisses three-fourths of the graduate students under his charge as "negligible." And negligible to what? To life, as is the conventional charge? No, to scholarship itself. In other words, most graduate students are failing in the one thing the world has left to them to master. They lack the one thing which would justify their existence: a disinterested love of learning. Mr. Mencken has long been making fun of the American professor because he is not enough of a professor, because he tries to keep up with the merry world, because he wants to seem something else than the thing he is. Now the dean of the largest graduate school in the country adds his condemnation of the student who is not enough of a student to be content with researches which shall merely result in a contribution to knowledge.

What three-fourths of the graduate students want to do, says Dean Woodbridge, is to improve themselves. In contemporary America this is by no means a strange desire—the strangeness, indeed, consists in someone's suggesting that it is insufficient. Are we not brought up on advertisements which remind us of our need to get ahead in society and which intimate that we can do so by becoming proficient overnight in French or in the art of after-dinner speaking? But here is an educator disapproving of those who believe that "more education will do something for them personally, make them happier or socially more prominent or effective." Here is a dean regretting that "study is regarded as an instrument for personal improvement rather than an inquiry into the nature of things." The nature of things! The words come strangely to the ears of a generation so skeptical about ultimate things that it does not even consider the necessity of examining the grounds on which those things are dismissed. They come strangely, but they should be heard. It is extremely important that we should go on producing dispassionate scholars—or pedants, if one likes. It is necessary, now that so many academic subjects have become in Dean Woodbridge's phrase "socially exciting and intellectually provocative," that we should give a few men and women elbow-room in which they may devote to these subjects "competent study, wide information, matured judgment, and ripe experience."

The amount of elbow-room now at their disposal is indicated by the fact that last year there were 3,439 graduate students at Columbia; the other graduate schools of the country we understand to be proportionately crowded. This is of course too many. Dean Woodbridge's proposal for reducing the number is to eliminate from the departments of pure research all persons who do not want degrees, who cannot give all their time to their studies, who want to "learn a little more," or who want to "improve themselves." Such students can go into Extension or can read at home. An eminently practical proposal, in our opinion.

The Norton Centenary

IN Boston they have been celebrating the centenary of Charles Eliot Norton, long one of Harvard's most distinguished and useful teachers, long one of the most vigorous patriots and critics of this country. This dual role of teacher and faultfinder is rarely easy to play; it was certainly never so in Cambridge. But Charles Eliot Norton was an aristocrat, a "Boston Brahmin." He could speak his mind as he saw fit and no one dared to seek to oust him, not even in the troublous days of the Spanish War when he and others united to oppose that needless resort to arms and the subjugation of the Philippines. We had not then, as later, in the World War, broken with the historic tradition which permitted Americans to differ publicly with a war policy of their government, but the one hundred per cent patrioteers were already sufficiently numerous to assail the great Harvard professor of fine arts. He gave them not as much attention as one bestows upon snarling curs. His record was there and that of his family. Accuse him of treason one could not. But lesser charges were freely made—he was, they said, a silk-stocking, a thin-skinned, thin-blooded theorist, too far removed from the robust affairs of life to count.

To the average undergraduate, Professor Norton was a phenomenon to be thankful for—his fine-arts courses were the easiest "snaps" in the curriculum—but a phenomenon not to be understood. For during his lectures Professor Norton talked about everything in the field of customs, morals, and politics that interested him, as well as of the arts. His admonitions as to what constituted the right American policies were heard too often by deaf ears; the undergraduate of thirty or forty years ago was far less interested in politics and foreign relations than are the students of today. None the less the seed by no means fell wholly upon barren ground. There are plenty of Harvard graduates who acknowledge their great debt to him and honor his memory. They were not those who called him cynical or pessimistic or a "little American," for they responded to his profound sense of injury when his government erred and turned its back upon its noblest traditions. Were he living today he would find tragic confirmation for

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plenty of his forebodings and for many of his prophecies.

Beyond this Professor Norton was one of the members of the faculty who aided President Eliot most in carrying out those great scholastic reforms which meant so much not only to Harvard but the entire college world—even though he could not induce Mr. Eliot to see that Harvard was developing a barbarous architecture under his leadership, or move him to plan for a harmonious physical development of the university. He would have been among those horrified by the great college lately erected upon the banks of the Charles for the deification of all the gods of business—and would generally find himself but little in sympathy with many of the university developments of the day.

To his delightful house came scholars, artists, writers, men of affairs from all over the world, and to it also came for help many students who, if worthy, never failed to meet the courteous, considerate, generous response they desired. He was that greatest of teachers—a great, powerful, fearless personality. As for *The Nation*, it could hardly have come to life in 1865 but for Professor Norton's support and wise counsel. If it was quite a different *Nation* from that of today, we are none the less bold enough to believe that much of what it is today would appeal to him, for his mind never grew old, and to the end he saw through the gaudy political tinsel of his day and tilted at the shams of the hour. Harvard does well to honor Charles Eliot Norton, for he will always be one of its priceless possessions.

To Err Is Human

JUSTICE is sometimes dumb as well as blind, and outrageous blunders are made even in England, whose courts are generally believed to be the fairest and most accurate in the world. An amazing instance of fallibility has finally been officially acknowledged in the release of Oscar Slater after he had spent eighteen years in prison at Peterhead.

Slater's conviction has been called England's Sacco-Vanzetti case, and the agitation over the latter was helpful in bringing to a successful head efforts which had extended over years to obtain the imprisoned man's release. But except for the fact that Slater's imprisonment enlisted the sympathy of a considerable number of prominent persons, among them Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, there is little similarity between the two cases. There was apparently no hysteria or prejudice to account for Slater's conviction, and fortunately no political or industrial pressure was brought to bear to prevent his release or make impossible an unbiased review of his case. Most fortunate of all, although Slater was found guilty of murder, his sentence of death was commuted to life imprisonment two days before the date set for the execution—because of doubt even at that time of his guilt—and so it was possible to free him when one of three identifying witnesses recently signed an affidavit saying that she had not meant to identify him positively as the man she saw running away from the scene of the crime. She had been influenced to do so, she said, by the prosecutor. In this we are reminded of the ugly work of District Attorney Katzmann in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial in inducing Captain Proctor, a firearms expert, to make a misleading statement to the jury. But whereas in England a recantation by one witness was sufficient to obtain Slater's release, in Massachusetts the repudiation of his testimony by Captain Proctor was not considered of enough importance by the judicial machinery of the State to gain even a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti.

Slater was arrested in 1909 in New York City as he stepped ashore from the steamship Lusitania. He was charged with the robbery and murder of an aged woman in Glasgow. Slater obtained the services of an American lawyer, William A. Goodhart, now practicing in Baltimore, but did not fight extradition, although United States Commissioner Shields, before whom he was taken, did not think the evidence presented was adequate proof of guilt. Mr. Goodhart had intended to represent Slater at the trial, but an unexpected moving ahead of the date of beginning made this impossible. Mr. Goodhart remained convinced of Slater's innocence in spite of his conviction, and went to work to unravel the mystery, learning that a brooch which his client was accused of having stolen from the murdered woman had in fact been pawned by the convicted man four months before the crime. With this and other clues in his possession, Mr. Goodhart obtained the aid of Conan Doyle in working for Slater's release, but progress languished until the Sacco-Vanzetti case stimulated the effort to get at the truth.

The Slater case is only another of many convictions which have later turned out to have been unjustified, even in the unusually fair and accurate judicial processes of England. The false conviction of Adolf Beck has become almost as famous as that of Alfred Dreyfus and Jean Calas in France, the latter of whom was broken on the wheel although Voltaire subsequently established the man's innocence. Beck was falsely convicted twice, just as was probably true of Vanzetti. In 1896 Beck was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for a series of robberies from women. He was released after five years, but in 1904 was convicted of similar offenses. At the first trial Beck was "positively identified" by ten women and at the second by five; in each case a handwriting expert testified against him. Yet eventually Beck's innocence was so conclusively established that the British Government indemnified him for his imprisonment to the extent of $25,000. An earlier case was that of William Habron, sentenced to death in 1876 for the murder of a policeman. On account of his youth—he was only eighteen—Habron's punishment was luckily commuted to imprisonment, and two years later a man convicted of another killing confessed also to the crime for which Habron had been imprisoned. The confession was substantiated and Habron was released with $4,000 as compensation. Priscilla Biggadyke was not so fortunate. She was convicted in 1869 of poisoning her husband and was executed. Later, in a death bed confession, a man admitted that he had entered Mrs. Biggadyke's kitchen, unknown to her, and put poison in the pudding which she was making.

The possibility of an error which can never be rectified is one of the strong reasons for the abolition of capital punishment. Even with the best judicial machinery there is a possibility of error in any single case and a certainty of it somewhere in the combined record of many cases. But even this certainty of error is only one of many reasons for putting behind us the savagery of civic murder. The practice of deliberate and complaisant killing by a community is degrading and brutalizing to it. The effect is to weaken the respect for life, to accustom people to take it wantonly, and so to encourage the very crime which it is mistakenly designed to prevent.

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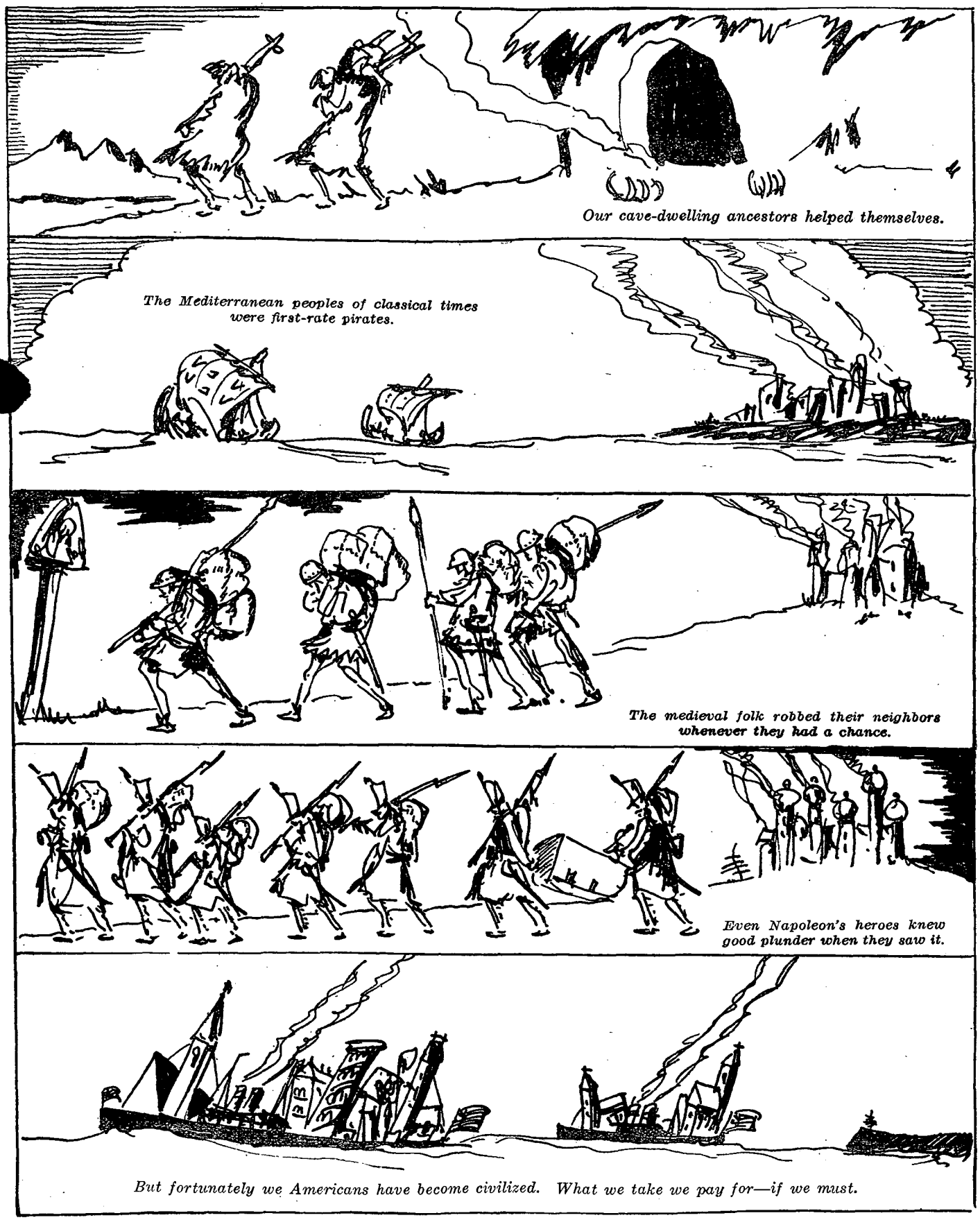
Loot



Our cave-dwelling ancestors helped themselves.

The Mediterranean peoples of classical times were first-rate pirates.

The medieval folk robbed their neighbors whenever they had a chance.

Even Napoleon's heroes knew good plunder when they saw it.

But fortunately we Americans have become civilized. What we take we pay for—if we must.

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

GENE TUNNEY and Upton Sinclair have recently spoken disparagingly of pessimism. "Satirists and cynics are seldom healthy," was Tunney's contribution while Sinclair in "Money Writes!" expresses the opinion, "All truly great art is optimistic." I differ with both fighters. Gene is a good heavyweight and Upton an excellent novelist, but neither approaches championship rank in criticism.

"The individual artist," says Sinclair in support of his theme, "is happy in his creative work, and its reception by his public; the public is active and sound, occupied in mastering life and expanding the social forces. It is only when those forces exhaust themselves that the art public enjoys contemplating moral impotence, and that the individual artist does not know whether life is worth living. The fact that practically all great art is tragic does not in any way change the above thesis."

But Sinclair's thesis is vastly damaged by the fact that it rests upon a number of assertions which are not possible of proof and which very likely are not true. If I said that Shakespeare was fundamentally pessimistic in his attitude toward life another might challenge my assertion and we could argue until daybreak. Even more time might be consumed in discussing the problem of whether he was happy in his creative work. Certainly an artist may blast himself for the sins of the people and get no more than a curious and morbid joy out of the sacrifice. I would not even say that it was any part of his business to expand the social forces. Much has been done in marble and on canvas which leaves the economic system of the world precisely where it was before.

Upton Sinclair calls upon all the writers of the earth to produce "a socialist novel" and if I read him correctly his definition is a tight one. I gather that among the moderns it includes none except himself and Theodore Dreiser. Theirs is the direct approach but a writer may go round about, though if he does Upton Sinclair will assail him as slacker in the great war of the classes and the masses. As excellent a revolutionary as Cabell is scorned by the man who did "The Jungle." To Sinclair "Jurgen" and the rest are "ivory-tower art" and "ivory-tower art consists of cruelty and sensuality." Indeed he expresses the opinion that "'Jurgen' is one of the most depraved and depraving books ever published in America."

Readily enough I will agree that James Branch Cabell left the Lees and the dregs of Virginia exactly where he found them and has not raised a finger to put the proletariat within the houses with white columns. But revolution can and must go deeper than faith in any economic system. In order to get about the business of making a new world there first must be acute and gnawing dissatisfaction with the one we have. Upton Sinclair promotes precisely that feeling when he endeavors to point out that our packers and our press men are corrupt, but I do not understand why he fails to recognize the fact that Cabell is essentially on his side. Indeed the Virginian is more thoroughgoing, for he says that life of this particular moment in the world's history seems to him so dull and dreary that he will have nothing of it but create instead a land of kings, pawnbrokers, and dryads. Very probably he does jeer at marriage as Sinclair charges, but that, for good or ill, must be a part of any radical upheaval. There will not come, here or elsewhere, a state brand new and shining which confines the scope of its change wholly to wages, hours, and the ownership of factories. When gold bonds are no longer legal tender others will be loosed as part of the turmoil.

With good reason Upton Sinclair feels that he himself will be raised high with kingdom coming. An appreciable measure of the revolutionary work has been his, while I can remember none in which I have engaged beyond splitting a ticket to support a Socialist for president of Borough of Manhattan. Still, tragically and ironically, may happen that Upton Sinclair will fret more in Utopia than I. He is a member of that curious and numerous band of the rebellious Puritans. He would curtail the sufferings of man and also his pleasures. I fear the suburban paradise which he fantasies for workers will not quite hold the spirit of an army unleashed from grinding labor.

Saddest of all will be the fate of the collected works of Sinclair when all the wide world flows with milk and honey. When every wrong and every privilege is down who will care to read "The Brass Check" or even yet "The Jungle"? Quite possibly the emancipated worker will turn instead to the poems of Amy Lowell, despicable though they seem to Upton Sinclair. I assure him that beauty is there though he asserts he cannot hear it. As a matter of fact, anybody who writes poetry or paints a picture or sings a song is a rebel. The very act of embracing an art form for expression is a denial of the sufficiency of things as they are. It is not necessary for the leavening of the world that all the blessed should deal articulately with slums and sweatshops. I think it is much better if they do not. Certainly Upton Sinclair has no right to toss upon the ash-heap of parasitism such writers as give to the world no definite program for the creation of an almost perfect state. He sneers at Anatole France, who surely was among the mighty who stirred the wide vats and set up fermentation.

To be dogmatic, Tunney is wrong about his cynics and Sinclair about his optimists. In cruder terms this is the old argument about constructive and destructive critics. The man who tears down a house which totters cannot be denied some share of the credit by the architect who rears a new one. Many of the most inspiriting commentators upon existence have been those who said that life was not worth living. At this particular hour I happen to think it is, but it will not harm me, or Upton Sinclair, or any other to be asked every once and so often to stand and deliver upon the challenge of a searching "Why?"

"Pessimism," Sinclair writes, "is mental disease. It is that wherever and under whatever circumstances it appears, in art and philosophy, as in everyday life. It means illness in the person who voices it, and in the society which produces that person. If it continues unchecked in an indi-

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vidual, it is a symptom of his moral breakdown; if it prevails in the literature, art, drama, politics, or philosophy of a nation it means that nation is in course of decay."

All this is near-sighted nonsense. Most of the men who say "I was never sick a day in my life," are liars and if truthful highly unfortunate. A good rousing sickness is part of the necessary experience of persons who are ever going to amount to anything. Even better is the adventure of such as have been told "There is no hope; you are going to die." Pessimism is the very food of striving. Indeed I would revise Sinclair's formula to read that any nation is in a perilous position if there are not many who go about and say that everything is wrong, always has been wrong, and always will be. There never yet came a messiah who was not preceded by an advance guard of gloomy prophets.

To be much more specific, I would name Henry L. Mencken as the most invigorating publicist now writing in America. Mencken has given a lifetime of devotion to pointing out the unutterable follies of life in general and more particularly life in this land. If he has ever made a suggestion as to how conditions could be altered or even expressed the remotest hope of amelioration that paragraph escaped me. He is not ill and America seems to me as yet too unripe to be decaying.

The pessimist plays upon a brassy bugle. His familiar complaint is, "I can't get 'em up." But after a while we do get up and it is the trumpet notes of despair and not of triumph which serve to wake us.

War in Colorado

By FRANK L. PALMER

Walsenburg, Colorado, November 26

COLORADO again has paid in blood for the dominance in its coal industry of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

On Monday, November 21, some 600 members of the families of striking miners in northern Colorado marched to the Columbine mine, as they had gone every workday morning for three weeks, singing and laughing, happy in the success of a strike which had left only one mine in the whole district operating. They were convinced that they had the support of Governor Adams in holding a mass meeting wherever there was a post office, and they held this opinion with good grounds. There is a post office and a public school inside the Columbine fenced camp. The miners believed they had a right to go in; the guards might threaten but they would not shoot. So their leaders searched them for guns or knives and sent them out on the picket line assured of their safety. The new dominant stockholder, Miss Josephine Roche, had given orders through her representative, Merle Vincent, that the gates were to be left open and that there was to be no shooting, even though the mine were destroyed. Governor Adams, hearing that machine-guns were there, had ordered them removed Saturday. Coal operator, State executive, and striker seemed united against violence.

Yet at least five persons were killed (the strikers still claim another was slain) and some score of others were seriously wounded. The strikers charge they were shot down by the machine-guns; certain it is that the machine-guns were not taken out of the camp as ordered by Governor Adams, but were set up before, during, or immediately after the massacre. The guards had been ordered not to fire, yet they threw tear-gas bombs into the strikers' ranks, infuriated them into throwing stones, and then killed them because they threw the stones. The guards charge that four shots were fired over the camp by striking snipers. There is no charge made that in the crowd of men and women who were fired on there were any who used weapons. The casualties among the State police consisted of three men hit by stones or fists and one man who had his finger cut. The killed and seriously wounded were all strikers.

Immediately after the massacre thoughtful observers in Colorado began to ask why it should have happened at the Columbine. The Saturday previous the strikers had marched to the camp, met the sheriff who asked them not to go in, put him at the head of the parade, and marched back to town for doughnuts and coffee with him. The Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, which owns the Columbine, is almost the only company in Colorado which is dominated by such a person as Josephine Roche, with anything like liberal ideas. The I. W. W. leaders have constantly preached peace. It seemed that no one wanted trouble—yet it occurred. Why?

Of course it is not true to say that no one wanted trouble. It is only true of the executive heads. Under Governor Adams, the State police are headed by Louis Scherf, former captain in the Colorado Rangers under the notorious "Pat" Hamrock, and thoroughly trained in labor-hating policies. Directly in charge of the force at the Columbine was Sam Lee, worse even than Scherf. Thomas Annear, chairman of the Industrial Commission appointed by Governor Sweet, had said that there would be no strike. Feeling the stigma placed on the commission by his complete failure to estimate the situation in advance, he had become frantically eager to get the men back in the mines at any cost. Yet nine days before the massacre he had said: "This is the most peaceful strike the State ever saw." After the massacre he announced that Louis Scherf ought to have a gold medal for his "bravery"! The Industrial Commission had been saved, it seemed, and his charges against the I. W. W. had been proved. It is very significant that Mr. Annear, as the newspapers reported, "just happened" to be at the Columbine that morning. Especially is this significant when it is known that the State police sent to Denver at midnight the night before for their steel helmets! Adjutant General Newlon of the National Guard had disagreed with the Governor for some time because the troops had not been ordered into the field, and later because martial law was not declared. He "happened" to be at the Columbine with Thomas Annear. So that, despite the Governor's apparent desire for peace, at least three men in his force at the scene of action wanted trouble.

In the company group a similar situation existed. When Miss Roche gained dominance in the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company (she does not have complete control), she called Merle Vincent to represent her interests and be-

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come general manager. He discharged Walter Belk, one of the most notorious gunmen of the Ludlow strike, from his position at the Columbine. Vincent took the position as general counsel which had been held by Judge Jesse G. Northcutt, the man largely responsible for the fighting in the 1913 strike; and he removed General Manager Peart. General Manager Peart's son, Ted Peart, was still superintendent at the Columbine. The Pearts, both father and son, belong to the old Northcutt-Belk days. Merle Vincent, who had ordered the gates left open and the strikers given access to the property for their mass meetings, was not present on that fatal Monday morning. Ted Peart was; though he resigned his position on the following Friday.

Whether accurately or not, Miss Roche has been quoted as saying that she would "sell her stock for fifty cents if there were any bloodshed." The Denver newspapers have reported for some time that John D. Rockefeller's Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was eager to buy the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. It is certain that the C. F. and I. wanted the militia in the field to help break the strike.

From certain standpoints the Columbine massacre was a success. Undoubtedly suspicion has been thrown upon the principles for which Miss Roche and Merle Vincent stand within the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company; perhaps Miss Roche is tempted to sell out her holdings and give up. The newspapers have made it appear that the Governor was wrong in refusing to send in troops and in ordering machine-guns away from the camp. The Industrial Commission is probably more firmly in the saddle and Thomas Annear's bitter attacks on the I. W. W. are apparently justified. Gaining control of the Columbine may be well worth the financial cost to the Rockefellers. And no Rockefellers were killed in the massacre.

But of course there is always the danger that the truth will become known.

For a year organizers for the United Mine Workers have charged that I. W. W. organizers were at work in the C. F. and I. camps under the company's protection. They have said that the company allowed them there to offset United Mine Workers activities, while the regular union organizers were driven out of the camps. They have warned that conditions were so bad in the mines that the companies might find themselves with an I. W. W. strike on their hands.

Then in September came the notice of demands for a wage increase to the Jacksonville scale, the six-hour day, and better conditions, with warning of a strike. The workers made the same demands for the enforcement of already existing laws as were made in 1913. There is still almost no such thing as a properly elected check-weighman in Colorado, despite the law. And other laws are flagrantly violated. The notice was drawn up with the advice of two attorneys and was legal as far as the men knew how to make it so. After the thirty days required by law had passed and the Industrial Commissioners were still busy telling the miners not to follow an "illegal, un-American organization," and telling the State that there would be no strike—the men walked out. Two weeks later, the Attorney General pronounced the strike notice illegal. This makes it a crime to strike, to incite others to strike, or to do almost anything helpful to the strike. Of course the ruling is being ignored. It is interesting to note that among those who are asserting that the strike is illegal and is being led by outsiders, is William H. Young, the labor member of the Industrial Commission. He has forgotten that in 1919 a strike of steel workers in Pueblo was led by a printing pressman and that no notice of any kind was given the Industrial Commission. Yet this same William H. Young was that pressman.

Before the strike was called I. W. W. organizers bragged that 4,000 miners would walk out. Actually, 5,500 struck. And the strike spread. Despite the fact that the Scripps-Howard *Rocky Mountain News* has been saying for four weeks that the strike was almost over and the men were going back to work, new mines and new fields are closing. The Colorado Springs district was not affected until November 19. Now it is practically shut. Industries are closing for lack of coal. Only an unusually warm fall has kept Denver from suffering and, even so, coal is being shipped in from outside.

One of the most important factors in the strike has been the constant campaign of the newspapers to connect the I. W. W. with violence. And there *has* been violence in the strike. The Saturday night before the strike was called Walsenburg business men met and decided to "run the wobblies out of town." With Mayor Pritchard leading some 80 men marched to the I. W. W. hall, shot out the windows, smashed in the door, and took private records out and burned them. Newspaper reports naively said, after describing the incident, "So far there has been no violence." Neither Mayor Pritchard nor any member of his mob has been arrested.

Later a group of the newly created State police went into a meeting and began arresting the speakers. Their tactics inflamed the crowd and there was a fight, with various reports of chairs and knives being used. No one was seriously injured. The violence at the Columbine is well known. Some mine property burned in the southern field; the fire was blamed on the I. W. W. until it was discovered that the burned property had been abandoned several years before. In short, there has been one mob—of business men; there has been a massacre where police were hit by stones and one hurt his finger—while five strikers were killed and a score wounded; there has been a free-for-all fight over the right of free speech. "It has been the most peaceful strike the State ever saw."

Back of it all lies the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and the Rockefeller Plan. The miners have been reduced in pay time after time under the "plan" by the subterfuge of calling in their representatives in the company union and explaining that the wages would have to be cut or the mines closed—or that a wage cut would widen the sales field and give the men more day's work. Since they have worked an average of 184 days a year for the last six years, that is important. The wage cuts have come, but the number of days worked has not substantially increased. The miners are controlled by the "plan" and they know it. Real conditions are much the same as they were before 1913. The petty bosses instil fear by the threat of discharge or the offer of favoritism. The old phrase, made famous in 1913, "down the canyon," still strikes terror to the hearts of C. F. and I. miners. And it is no idle threat.

The future of the strike will depend on food. The miners are standing solidly despite everything, but the cry of hungry babies is worse than the whine of bullets. Colorado is a long way from the sources of generous support and apparently not enough men and women have yet died to open purse-strings. Operators, the State, death cannot break the strike. Slow starvation may.

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A Sacco Revolver Expert Revealed

By ARTHUR WARNER

ON October 8, last, a bootlegger by the name of Ernest J. Yorkell was murdered in Cleveland. A few weeks later Frank Milazzo was arrested with a revolver in his possession. A detective sergeant who was instructed to trace the history of the revolver reported his belief that the weapon was the one used in the killing of Yorkell. The revolver was thereupon sent to an expert in New York City together with bullets taken from the dead man. The expert found that the bullets had been fired from the revolver, upon learning which the Cleveland police charged Milazzo with the murder of Yorkell.

Milazzo presumably would have gone to trial and might have been convicted, but the Cleveland *News* suddenly confounded the police with the information that the revolver in question had not been sold until November 3, nearly a month after the murder. This statement was confirmed by records of the manufacturer and the retail dealer, the murder charge against Milazzo was dropped, and an inquiry was ordered into the work of the detective sergeant who had incorrectly reported the history of the revolver.

Such a case, involving an inexcusable mistake on the part of a trusted police officer and a complete fiasco in the findings of a so-called ballistic expert, is important enough as it stands to deserve circulation through the country, although apparently it has received no publicity outside of the neighborhood of Cleveland. But the facts become immensely more significant when it is known who the revolver expert is. He is Major Calvin H. Goddard, a former military man, who last summer announced that he had determined by new and positive tests the guilt of Nicola Sacco. Major Goddard compared the revolver taken from Sacco when he was arrested with a bullet from the body of the paymaster's guard murdered at South Braintree, Massachusetts, and was convinced that the bullet had been fired from the revolver. Major Goddard conducted his tests on June 3, last, and communicated the results to Governor Fuller and his advisory committee on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, but the findings were not made public until after the report of the Lowell committee against Sacco and Vanzetti. Then, on August 10, they received wide circulation in the newspapers and must have had appreciable effect in confirming public opinion on the side of the Lowell report. Major Goddard described his method as follows:

> The instrument in question is nothing more than a highly perfected form of comparison microscope, employing optical principles long known. The model used was, however, especially designed for investigations upon bullets and shells and, to the best of my knowledge, none other equally well adapted to this purpose has been constructed.
>
> Its function is to fuse into a single one the images of two bullets or shells so that in case they bear identical markings the composite picture produced will reveal, after the identical markings have been located and brought into proximation, what appears to be a single object rather than the fusion of two objects.
>
> Unless two bullets have passed through the same barrel, they can never be so fused as to present the appearance of a single bullet, the picture always revealing marked differences in its two halves. This holds true also for shells which have or have not been fired in the same arm (those from the same arm matching, others failing to match).

As a result of his tests Major Goddard reached the following conclusions:

> 1. That Fraher shell No. 3 was fired in the Sacco pistol and could have been fired in no other.
> 2. That the so-called fatal bullet, being one of four from the body of one Berardelli, was fired through the Sacco pistol and could have been fired through no other.

"Permit me also to add," recited Major Goddard, "that I conducted the tests outlined for the simple reason that I knew the comparison microscope would reveal with mechanical accuracy and in a manner which no human opinion could refute the facts in the case."

Two days after the appearance of Major Goddard's findings in the press he issued a reply to certain criticisms, saying:

> As to . . . the soundness of my methods, I can only say that leaders of the bench, bar, and police, as well as men of the highest standing in the technical and criminological worlds both in this country and in Europe, have passed upon them. They have been inspected by the technical staff of a large government department and that staff has indicated a desire to apply some of them to its own use.
>
> The work has been described by former Deputy Police Commissioner Joseph A. Faurot, who is himself known as the "father of finger-printing" in the United States, as "a science as infallible, as practicable, as revolutionary, and as valuable as finger-printing itself."

Two clarifications need to be added to this recital, one in justice to the Lowell committee and the other to Major Goddard. Although the latter's findings were submitted to Governor Fuller and his advisory committee, it does not appear that they weighed appreciably in the conclusions reached. William G. Thompson, counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti, said that he had been assured that the Goddard statement had not influenced the Governor or his advisers in their decision. Certainly no reference to it is made in the Lowell committee's report. On the other hand, the Goddard findings did have an influence on public opinion, publication taking place just at the moment when the newspapers were printing most on the case and when many persons, for the first time, were trying to get at the facts or reach conclusions in their own minds. *The Nation* received a number of letters inquiring about or discussing Major Goddard's findings.

In fairness to Major Goddard it ought to be said also that he attributes the mistake in regard to the Cleveland crime to a possible confusion of bullets. After the revolver had been taken from Milazzo it went to the city chemist's office, where bullets were fired through it for purposes of comparison with those taken from the body of the slain bootlegger. Major Goddard suggests that the two sets of bullets may have been confused and he may have received as those taken from the dead body the ones that were fired through the revolver in the city chemist's office. The Cleveland officials deny any possibility of confusion, but Major Goddard's explanation is given for whatever it may be worth.

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Where does this leave expert testimony? Does it discredit that kind of evidence in our courts or elsewhere? Not necessarily. This is a scientific and a technical age in which science and technology must be called upon to help wherever they can reasonably be employed. But the Cleveland episode emphasizes the fallibility of all such methods and suggests that the community at large should be alert to check the claims of experts by its own reason and experience.

The American method of employing experts in court trials plays especially into the hands of the know-it-alls. In order to earn a fee an expert has to take a stand on one side or the other—and be sure of it. There is no room for doubt or the more judicial expression of opinion in which the truth commonly lies. Probably few experts knowingly bear false witness merely to earn a fee, but in the long run they must take the stand or starve or quit.

If we are to continue to employ experts in our courts—and undoubtedly we are—they ought to be called, as in some European countries, not by the opposing lawyers but by the judge; they should be selected because of their general reputation, and their opinions on the case at issue ought not to be known to anyone until expressed in court.

What Business Wants from Congress

By LAURENCE TODD

Washington, November 30

NO public competition with private investment: that, in substance, is the demand which organized business will make upon Congress in the session just beginning.

Whether one examines the legislative program of the National Association of Manufacturers or that of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, or looks into the activities of the compact new Joint Committee of National Utility Associations, or speaks to one of the hundred special representatives in Washington for some one industry, the inquiry brings this consistent reply. Business desires aid from the government, but it requires first that the government refrain from competing with private initiative.

Water-power is the spearhead of conflict, at the moment, between the forces of organized business and the elements that seek to adapt government to the service of the commonalty. Seventeen billions of dollars of investment, according to George B. Cortelyou, chairman of the Joint Committee of National Utility Associations, is represented in that body. Its chief component parts are the National Electric Light Association, the American Electric Railway Association, and the American Gas Association. Its director is Stephen B. Davis, former solicitor of the Department of Commerce under Mr. Hoover, and now vice-chairman, under Hoover, of the American Delegation in the International Radio-Telegraph Conference. Its counsel in Washington—described by Senator Hiram Johnson as its chief lobbyist—is Josiah T. Newcomb. What Newcomb asks of the new Congress is significant—the leasing of Muscle Shoals power plant to private interests, the abandonment of public construction of a power plant at Boulder Canyon on the Colorado River, and the shelving of the resolution offered by Senator Walsh of Montana, inquiring into the power trust and other recent rapid consolidations of investment capital.

For several years past the National Electric Light Association has sought to convince the American public that electricity is sold in this country by private corporations at a low cost. It has promoted the publication of arguments seeking to show that the publicly owned giant-power system operated by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission is not selling electricity at half the rates charged in the United States. Yet so rapidly has risen the tide of public interest in Ontario Hydro-Electric, and so firmly have the hopes of consumers been grounded upon declarations against the private-power monopoly by Governor Smith of New York and former Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania that the Electric Light Association has joined forces with the street-railway and gas companies' federations, to deal directly and openly with Congress. It now proposes to stop the current of public enthusiasm for a government-owned giant-power system based on the Muscle Shoals and Boulder Canyon power sources. Moreover, it is determined that the Senate shall not look critically into the mergers, consolidations, purchases, recapitalizations, and other steps which have advanced the General Electric group to domination not only of electric power but of the radio industry.

Senator George W. Norris delivered a speech at a reception given in his honor, last spring, by the National Popular Government League, in which he declared for the Ontario plan and said that the government should proceed to develop a chain of power plants across the country, which would duplicate the Ontario performance. That is, they would cut in half the present charge to consumers for electric current, and would correspondingly stimulate the electrification of industry, commerce, and housework. This speech created such anxiety in the offices of the power companies that Newcomb delivered an address on October 13, before the Southern Appalachian Power Conference at Chattanooga, devoted to denial of the existence of a power trust and declaring that "the progress desired and the solution of the problems presented" in the industry today "are constantly being delayed and obscured by government ownership projects. These schemes are inadequately prepared. Practically none of them is ever put through."

That none of them shall be put through the new Congress is the practical task which Mr. Newcomb has set himself. To his aid have come the rival general organizations for promotion of business measures before the national legislature—the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

In the resolutions adopted by the N. A. M. at its convention in Chattanooga in October the water-power issue is obliquely dealt with in connection with the problem of Mississippi flood control. Federal action and federal responsibility for prevention of future floods are demanded, but if dams at reservoir sites are to be built, power plants in public hands are barred. Thus: "Such plan for control of our greatest and most dangerous river should be shaped with that single object in view and relieved from the handicap of any other plans or secondary proposals which interested groups or sections or partisan interests may seek to attach to it."

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The Chamber of Commerce is of opinion "that flood control of the Mississippi River is a work of such magnitude and urgency that it should be dealt with in legislation and administration upon its own merits, separate and distinct from any other undertaking."

If there be ambiguity in these phrases, there is none in the further declaration by the chamber in its official current program issued on October 17, that

> In the National Chamber's confession of economic faith this principle stands paramount—that government scrupulously refrain from entering any of the fields of transportation, communication, industry, or commerce, or any phase of business when it can be successfully undertaken and conducted by private enterprise. The chamber, to be sure, recognizes that the utilities, invested with a public interest, are subject to government regulation, but it insists that such regulation be so exercised that it become not burdensome as to cost and not palsying to that initiative without which adequate and efficient service is impossible.

One of the second-rate powers in the world of business-representation in Washington is the American Mining Congress. Early in November it issued a press statement.

> Government ownership or control of business is opposed by three-fourths of the replies to a nation-wide questionnaire by the American Mining Congress which was sent to a selected list of 500 leading authorities on banking, taxation, industry, production, and transportation, as well as to editors, economists, engineers, college presidents, lawyers, and clergymen. . . . During the past two years there has been much discussion as to the proposition for the invasion of the government into private industry. Its ramifications lead from municipally operated street-railway and lighting systems into State-operated insurance and construction of public works by day labor instead of by contract; construction service by navy yards for outside parties. . . ., etc.

At a conference staged by the Mining Congress in Washington for December 1 to 3, Phil P. Campbell, former Congressman from Kansas and now identified as counsel for oil interests, is scheduled to talk on Federal Control—the Bugaboo of Industry.

If the power lobby appears certain to hold the center of the stage in Congress with its fight against the beginning of any public experiment in production and sale of electricity, the shipping and railroad groups will be no less busy defending their sectors against the common foe. In the programs of the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce is the demand that the American merchant marine be developed as a private enterprise and that railroad consolidation be left to the railroad owners. The N. A. M. declares firmly against public ownership or operation of transportation facilities "wherever private ownership and operation is possible." The chamber is "unalterably opposed to government ownership of land carriers as it is opposed to government ownership of ocean carriers." The chamber says that

> Experience of ten years of government in the shipping business has proved beyond cavil that American business has not that degree of confidence in a government marine that must prevail if the American marine is to meet commercial needs in peace time and defense needs in war time. The chamber, moreover, is opposed to a proposal coming before Congress for yet another costly experiment in government shipbuilding in furtherance of government ownership.
>
> But the chamber is not content with mere opposition. It is in support of sound measures to encourage private investment in shipping enterprises. . . . Congress can assist in bringing this about and at materially less cost to the taxpayer than by supinely accepting the defeatist propaganda that government ownership is the only way to keep the American flag on the seas.

Former Chairman Hurley of the United States Shipping Board has come forward with a proposal, which may possibly be in line with this declaration, that Congress provide for a loan of $500,000,000 at 2½ per cent interest, to private shipbuilders in this country.

The ubiquitous Joint Committee of Mr. Newcomb, realizing the need for general propaganda against the public ownership doctrine, has issued a pamphlet entitled "Government—Federal, State, Local—Fails in Industry." It begins with selected sentiments from Abraham Lincoln and Herbert Hoover, enters into a misrepresentation of the degree of success achieved by public ownership in Ontario and elsewhere, quotes George E. Roberts of the National City Bank to prove government operation of railroads, navy yards, and mints inefficient, and finally comes to a symposium entitled Great Minds Speak.

Calvin Coolidge is selected as the first great mind. The first sentiments quoted from an address delivered when he was Governor of Massachusetts are these: "The alternative to private ownership and control is public ownership and control. Broadly extended, this is communism." Other great minds, quoted in balanced statement, are William Howard Taft, Charles Evans Hughes, Herbert Hoover, Senators Watson of Indiana and Fess of Ohio, the late Cardinal Gibbons, and John Spargo.

Spargo raises the question of a broadened capitalism:

> Unless I misread the signs of the times, the great need of the world, the fundamental requisite for economic rehabilitation, is a vast strengthening of the capitalist system of the several countries. This requires a tremendous augmentation of private enterprise and the incentives to such enterprise. It requires a great strengthening of faith in the security of investments and the opening up of all possible channels for investment in productive enterprises. It requires the development of a vast army of investors in every country.

This is the most effective line of opposition which lobbyists in Washington have found, in recent sessions, against sentiment for public ownership. Newcomb's organization will demand the private leasing of Muscle Shoals and the blocking of the Swing-Johnson bill for construction of the dam and power plant at Boulder Canyon, in the name of the "vast army" of shareholders and bondholders in public-utility enterprises. Newcomb has already suggested, at a luncheon given to a selected group of press correspondents in the capital, that investments in the industry should not be disturbed by the threat of government competition or by government inquiry into private business affairs.

For this reason the public-ownership advocates, stubbornly holding out against the "vast army" of investors, hopefully will quote the *American Economic Review's* discovery that, of the stock of a big railroad in the hands of "employees," 89 per cent is owned by officials, 8 per cent by higher-paid clerical employees, and only 1 per cent by engineers, conductors, and other manual workers. Wide diffusion of stock ownership, as a realization of public ownership under efficient private management, will be claimed by the spokesmen of organized business to be the most significant fact in American economic life today. The fact will be denied by the spokesmen of organized labor as well as by the public ownership specialists. And in face of that dispute as to fact the session will muddle through.

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Americans We Like

Florence E. Allen

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

The fifth in a series of personality portraits

WHAT Judge Allen's quality is I do not find easy to say. Some persons might call it serenity or poise. But it is much more than that. It is the sort of calm that comes out of a perfect balance of all opposing elements, perhaps that old-fashioned thing, a soul—at any rate whatever it is that produces unity.

To find this quality in any woman today, whether in a homemaker or a nun, would be surprising, but to find it in the woman who has pioneered in politics, in law, in journalism, the first woman judge of a court of general jurisdiction, legal and equitable, civil and criminal, the first woman judge in a court of last resort, a candidate for the United States Senate, is far more so. The struggle for success lays its mark on each human being who essays it, but it lays it even more cruelly on the women who seek competition on even terms with men politically, industrially, in any way except emotionally—a strident voice, a hardness about the eye, clenched hands. "We're all," said one the other day to me, "a little hard-boiled with the process, you know."

But Judge Allen is not hard-boiled. Her voice is thick and, even when raised in appeal, round. Her near-sighted eyes are whimsical and restful. Her hands lie flat and still. All around her is a little pool of peace. Yet she has campaigned a great State for two public offices. Perhaps this incident may give us a clue: When she ran for her present office, that of judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, she had little money for campaign expenses and no time to make trips. But each week-end she went to some nearby town and spoke on Sunday morning in the local church. She did not make an appeal for votes. She discussed the subjects of the day and urged the attention of her congregation to them. She appeared to people, discussed matters before them, and left the candidacy to them. The League of Women Voters and other associations sent questionnaires to her, asking her stand on important issues. She answered them briefly but fully. The answers were already made in her own mind. To trim them, to arrange them so they would not offend or could be construed in several ways never occurred to her.

She likes people. It was no trouble to shake their hands, smile into their faces, and listen if they had something to say. That was all there was to it. Of course, had she tried to "win" them, to find out what they wanted, to flatter them, to put herself over—that would have been different. But never in her life has Judge Allen set out to "charm" anyone, to capitalize herself, to "sell" her personality. She would not know how.

She has her work. It is a big job, that of being a Supreme Court judge. It comes first. Her day's program is planned to make it effective. She rises early and does her exercises. She takes a long walk. She goes to her office, does her work, goes home. Then there is company, a little music, perhaps a party, but nine-thirty sees her in bed.

Yet she is by no means a person of limited interests. For two years after leaving college she studied music in Berlin where she was musical correspondent for the *Musical Courier* and the *Continental Times*. For three years she taught in an exclusive preparatory school. At the same time she was working for her degree of Master of Arts in political science and constitutional law and conducting the musical column of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. While studying law she lectured on music and current political history for the New York Board of Education and before women's clubs in New York and Philadelphia. After her admission to the bar, of course, she practiced law. In a short time she was made assistant prosecuting attorney of Cuyahoga County, Ohio. Then she was elected judge of the Court of Common Pleas and two years later was elected to the Supreme Court of Ohio.

I received my first impression of Judge Allen at a suffrage conference in Chicago in 1914 when the two suffrage associations were at loggerheads about the so-called Shafroth Amendment. One group, headed by Ruth Hanna McCormick, was sponsoring this measure as "opening wedge" legislation, while the other was urging concentration on the then apparently hopeless Susan B. Anthony Amendment. Mrs. McCormick had called in the leaders from the Midwestern States to explain her amendment. There was much feeling on both sides, some of the women regarding any question as to their leader's policies as treason and others attacking this position violently. A young woman arose. She analyzed the suffrage situation, gave a résumé of its history, and assailed the wisdom and constitutionality of the Shafroth Amendment. Tactics she swept aside. There was our goal. There was a direct road to it. Ours to take it by the strength of our cause and of our faith in it.

I cannot remember any other speech and my memory of hers is due not to the forcefulness of her manner or to the logic of her argument but to the sincerity which animated it, a sincerity so passionate that it placed her at once above all partisanship. I have never since been able to imagine her tied to or absorbed by any organization. She may work with it for a definite purpose but she will never be used by it or have it direct her.

Beliefs she has, of course, even convictions, and in this day when they seem rare. But there are others who have both. What differentiates her from the other advocates of causes is the passion of her sincerity. This sincerity is something entirely apart from fanaticism, because it has its roots in reason rather than in emotions. One feels certain that she comes to her beliefs after much serious debate within herself, after weighing the pros and cons, with an ability to see both sides and judicially to weigh them and arrive at what is for her the truth. After she has done that, she serves these beliefs to the uttermost.

My second impression of Judge Allen was also gained from a situation. I was campaigning with some officials of the Democratic organization in Ohio and we were speaking to a group of party workers. One of the women present asked the county leader what they should do about Judge Allen who was then running on the ticket for the Supreme

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Court. It was well known that she was a Democrat but she was running as an independent and there was another nominee who was generally regarded as the Democratic candidate.

The county chairman, new to women voters, told them in simple terms fit for the comprehension of political novices that Judge Allen had had her opportunity to run in the primaries and seek the approval of the Democratic organization, but, since she had preferred to run as an independent, no matter how fine a Democrat she was personally, all good Democrats should vote for the Democratic nominee. Then Judge Allen could enter the next primaries as a Democrat and they could vote for her. Although I was not familiar with the Ohio law, it had occurred to me while he was speaking that the law was possibly written to procure a non-partisan judiciary and that Judge Allen was running under it and not under the "arrangement" whereby the political organization sought to make it a dead letter.

The women, who were Ohioans, did know the law. They also knew their Judge Allen and rallied to her support. For, though the politicians tried their utmost to make it appear that she was a wolf climbing over the partisan fence, these women knew, as did thousands of men, that here was a candidate who went straight to the heart of the matter and, without excuses or explanations, acted on her belief that the judiciary should be non-partisan.

Next to her sincerity I put this ability of hers to go to the heart of a question, past traditions, rules, habits, customs, and the arguments of political sophists. There is no circumlocution about her. She thinks clearly as well as passionately. And she thinks clearly about vital matters—equality, honesty, peace, crime, justice.

Perhaps most of her friends would place emphasis on her courage. It would take courage, one would think, to do many of the things she has done—give up a good position to study law, enter the practice of law handicapped as a woman, run against all popular traditions for a judgeship, run for the Senate against a most popular Democratic ex-Senator. But I doubt if it took courage for Judge Allen to do any of these things. I think that she sees so clearly what she should do, and has such a passionate desire to do it, that the question of whether it is easy or hard does not seriously occur to her.

But I should never call her aggressive. An aggressive woman is one who exerts herself to get what she wants regardless of the claims of others. Judge Allen does not impress me as reaching so much as standing. The English phrase "standing for election" expresses her mental attitude toward public office and her method of campaigning. She does not run or seek. She stands. She does not exert her force. She merely presents it.

An element of this force is her capacity for compassion—not pity, not even sympathy, but a deep sadness over the sufferings of the world. One feels this in every speech she makes. I do not think that it came to her after she lost her beloved brothers in the war. I cannot imagine Judge Allen basing any conclusion or belief on personal experience. She is too much the student. The way she attacked this subject of peace shows that. While she still had no influence, while there was nothing she could do for the cause of peace, she said nothing. But she spent most of her vacations studying the problems of peace, going to the League of Nations at Geneva, and traveling to various capitals in Europe to discuss peace with students and statesmen. She made a thorough study of international law.

But once having mastered her data and reached her conclusions, she brought to her conviction for the outlawry of war such passionate sincerity, such directness of thought, such depth of compassion that a United States Senator, hearing her at an enormous meeting in Washington, wrote her speech next day into the record and, when I thanked him, said: "I didn't, in fact, know she was a Democrat but I knew it was the best speech I had ever heard on that subject, bar none, and I thought it should be preserved."

I make her sound formidable. And she is not. She is the sort of woman to whom any child on a train would appeal for help. She is the kind to whom business girls flock with their troubles. She has a fine sense of humor. She asks no quarter because she is a woman. She yields no precedence because she is one. Not that she is unfeminine. As a matter of fact she is typical of the eternal feminine—the maternal. She would do to serve as a model for a statue of the Motherhood of the Race.

One of the things hoped for by the suffragists of old was that suffrage might make available for public service specially gifted women, thus increasing the all too small supply of brain and character for that purpose. Here we have such a woman. Twice an electorate has recognized its opportunity. Once by making Florence Allen judge of the Court of Common Pleas, once by making her judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. She was defeated for the nomination for the United States Senate. But she will probably run again. Let us hope she does. She brings qualities to public life that are needed, although, if we are to judge by results, seldom desired.

In the Driftway

TO succeed in life as a stowaway one should not be fat. Of course there are other occupations in which avoirdupois is no asset. It's no help to a man who is looking for a job as a living skeleton in a circus or to a debutante who is making her bow in society. But especially is fat to be shunned by him who would win his way as a stowaway, for a stowaway must be quick to take advantage of an opening—especially one the size of a ship's porthole. Ettore de Stefano and Joseph Smutney are entitled to a triple A rating as stowaways. Giovanni Sarni isn't—and all because they are lean while he is fat. All three came over in the steamship France a year ago—without visas and without tickets. They were detected, and when the ship reached New York they were handcuffed and locked up to be returned to Europe. But one night before the ship sailed Stefano and Smutney rubbed soap on their wrists, wriggled out of their handcuffs, climbed through a porthole, and swam to freedom. For they were lean. Sarni had to remain aboard and go back where he came from. For Sarni was fat and stuck fast in the porthole.

* * * * *

BUT though satisfactorily lean, Smutney was not equally wise. In a vest which he discarded in order to facilitate his exit through the porthole he carelessly left the card of a man in Culver, Indiana. A detective of the French Line found the card, went out to Culver, and Smutney was taken back to New York and deported while the steamship company recovered the $1,000 fine assessed against it for letting him escape. Smutney told the detective he thought Stefano had been drowned in trying to make shore from the ship.

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Smutney hadn't stopped to make sure. It's every man for himself in the profession of stowaway—as in most other callings.

* * * * *

BUT Stefano was not drowned. He got ashore, looked the landscape over for a few months, and then returned to Europe—probably in the same way in which he came over. But he had learned to love America, and a month or so ago he returned to New York in the steamship Paris—in the stowaway class, as usual. Again he was imprisoned aboard the ship for deportation. This time he had no convenient porthole, so he escaped by breaking a lock. The same detective was called upon. This time Stefano had been careless. He had left a photograph of himself and a diary kept under the name Hector Stevens. The detective recognized in the photograph his man of a year before, took the trail, and finally learned that a Hector Stevens had been employed at the Hotel Biltmore but had left on account of a skin disease. The detective began a round of clinics and recently found Stefano at the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital. He was taken to Ellis Island and again, since the officials could think of nothing more original, ordered deported.

* * * * *

BUT Stefano knew a better trick than that. He stripped to his underwear, got out of his detention room at Ellis Island, and plunged into the frigid bay to swim to Jersey City. Probably he would have succeeded but a couple of tugs were inconsiderately using the same part of the bay at the time. They got between him and the pier he was heading for and, chilled to the marrow, he was obliged to give up. Stefano was once more put behind lock and key at Ellis Island, and as the Drifter has read of no further escape he fears this splendid young stowaway was this time shipped back to Europe. But not for long. Even now he may be on his way back to the golden land of opportunity—in his usual fashion.

* * * * *

IF Stefano comes back—or rather *when* Stefano comes back—the Drifter thinks he should be permitted to enter without further molestation. In fact Mayor Walker should send a tug down New York Bay to welcome him. He has earned the right to enter. Doubtless immigration laws are necessary evils, but there should be some provision making exceptions for persons of special merit and achievement. The Drifter doubts if all of our recent transatlantic fliers have carried passports properly visaed for the countries in which they have landed. Yet none of them has been denied admission or summarily deported. Congress should amend the immigration laws so that anyone successfully smuggling himself into the country three times should be permitted to stay. That would accommodate Stefano upon his next arrival, which is as it should be. For Stefano is not only a great stowaway; he is in the making a great American. He has the qualities of daring, resourcefulness, and ingenuity which have made America what it is. We are letting in thousands of inferior individuals while keeping a man of Stefano's mettle out. Probably he would not be so adaptable for a job in a Ford factory as some of the others. But he would make a dauntless taxi driver, a fine movie actor, or a successful politician. A successful politician has to know above all things how to crawl out of a tight hole.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

That Fifteenth Amendment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: About two months ago I mailed to every United States Senator a letter asking whether they considered the Fifteenth Amendment ("the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude") less sacred than the Eighteenth; why Congress should appropriate $30,000,000 in one year to enforce the Eighteenth and not one cent to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment; whether they would support legislation to enforce the right of colored citizens to vote. I received in all six replies.

Senator Borah writes that the Fifteenth Amendment cannot be enforced on account of its phrase "by any State," which makes all the difference in the world between it and the Eighteenth Amendment.

Senator Fletcher of Florida writes that no Negro in his State or any other Southern State has ever been denied the right to vote.

The remaining four Senators are just as unequivocal a clear-cut in their views on this national problem.

Newark, N. J., November 14 A. A. GOLDEN

From Mrs. Sacco

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Right after the legal assassination of my husband and of Bartolomeo Vanzetti the press spoke—and is now speaking—of groups, of organizations born here and there, with the compassionate purpose: some for the collection of funds for my maintenance and that of my children, made orphans by the plutocracy of the State; some for the collection and publication of memoirs and writings of the two martyrs and of the various phases that characterized the seven years of persecution and torture; some for erecting to them a monument; and some more—as real jackals—using the names of Sacco and Vanzetti as an advertisement that would attract the multitude, for the sale of commercial articles, etc.

Companions and friends from France write and send to me newspaper articles that mention subscriptions opened for the families of Sacco and Vanzetti. While I thank those who, in these years of atrocious Calvary, disinterestedly took to heart the fate of the dear martyrs and did not leave either me or my children deprived of assistance, I cannot remain in silence and therefore protest against whatever is speculation as an offense to their memory and to the principles for which they made the supreme sacrifice of their young lives.

If the nobility and wisdom of many people of high standing had turned into a struggle against the present system and social order, in order to make impossible, in the future, the repetition of fearful crimes such as that accomplished on August 23 by the State of Massachusetts, they would have obtained the acknowledgment and applause of the good. But, since many of these people are at the same time backers of that same system of things that prosecuted, tortured, and assassinated my husband and his companion, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, this arouses disgust if not contempt.

Always thanking the friends from France for their good intentions, allow me to say that the names of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti would be better remembered if action and work are dedicated to the defense of the persecuted and condemned victims of class hatred, and to the restoration of rights and liberty of the peoples that in Europe—as well as in the rest of the world—are choked and ruined.

Boston, Massachusetts, November 3 ROSINA SACCO

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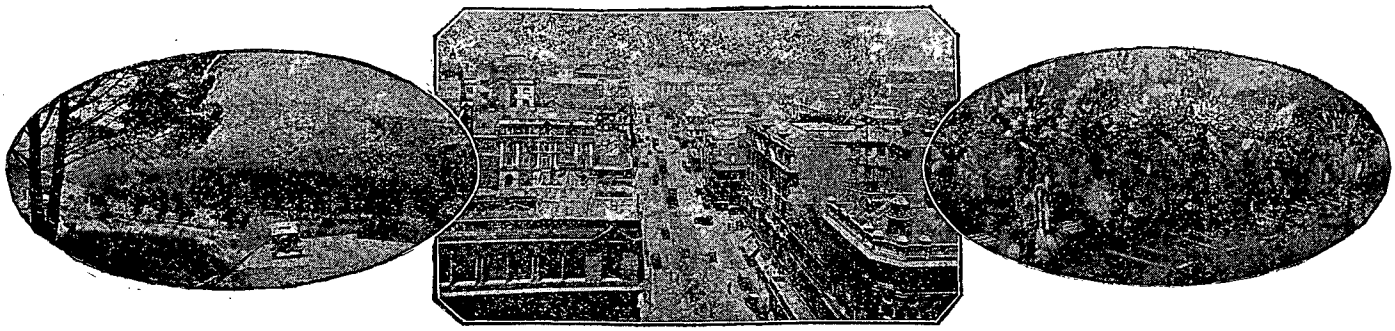

When the birds fly South

You, too, can travel with luxurious speed and comfort to a land of glorious sunshine—a land of light and shadow, of romance and mystery, beauty and wonder. While winter rages here, with snow and rain driven by freezing blasts of wind—you can revel in the mellow sunshine of

SOUTH AFRICA

If you love the South-land, with glorious flowers and luxuriant fruits—If you enjoy winter resorts—If comfort, beauty, gaiety, sports and motoring lure you—If majestic scenery thrills you and age-old mysteries awe you—come to SOUTH AFRICA. Here you find all these and many things you have never seen and only find in this ancient land famous for its legendary history.

A number of luxurious cruises to South Africa have been arranged this winter. They offer you the opportunity of a lifetime. Choose which of the beautifully equipped steamers you prefer. Every care has been taken to assure your comfort and pleasure. Each boat has been specially arranged to insure ease and luxury, from the time you leave New York. Independent trips may be easily arranged, on fast modern vessels if you prefer.

South Africa is a land of invigorating climate, where life is full of song and pleasure. Here modern civilization moves side by side with picturesque, quaint, dignified native Kraal life. Side by side with modern surgery, witch doctors still ply their craft. You will find striking animal life and luxurious, flowering vegetation of unique and interesting character. The beauties of the Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens offer a striking contrast to the primeval forests. You can use a ricksha pulled by a warrior Zulu or, if you prefer, an American automobile is at your disposal. You will find modern comfortable hotel accommodations. You travel on swift modern railway trains, or over miles of iron stone motor roads; while at eventide, if you desire, you enjoy the latest "hits" at the theatres or drink in the glory of the Victoria Falls by moonlight.

There are many things in South Africa you can never see in other countries:

Great Diamond Mines
Mile Deep Gold Fields
Mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins
The Magic Cango Caves
Barbaric Bantu War Dances
Quaint Kaffir Kraals
The Mighty Drakensberg Mountains
Wonderful Victoria Falls
Speedy, Preening Ostriches
Kruger Big Game Park
and Glorious Cape Peninsula

Surf Bathing on unrivalled sea-beaches. Sea angling from rock bound coasts for the finest sporting fish of the world. Trout fishing in Golden Rivers—the angler's paradise. Golf on sporty courses midst nearby towering mountains. Year round outdoor tennis on fast, true, ant-heap courts.

The *de luxe* cruises to South Africa this winter are rapidly being booked. You will find this trip a pleasurable relaxation and enjoy scenes and activities which will always remain a delightful reminiscence. Write for detailed information and free booklet, "South African Game Tours," or send 12c (to cover postage) for fully illustrated travel literature.

GOVERNMENT BUREAU *of* SOUTH AFRICA

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The Perils of Paris

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article from Paris dealing with the visit of the American Legion I was surprised to read some severe remarks on their conduct here. I was not in close contact with them, but as I observed them in the streets and public places they seemed to be very well-behaved. I thought a good many of them were in low spirits. They used to hang about the sheds in the Cours la Reine in a disheartened sort of way. I think many of them probably realized for the first time since the war that nine years have passed since the armistice was signed. They were not prepared for the Paris of today—the hard, violent city which is not only utterly different from the Paris before the war, but from the Paris during the war, the Paris they knew more or less.

Some of the legionaries drank wine on their visit, as they had a perfect right to do. The French would have been very much hurt if they had not. Personally, I never saw one of them drunk, or even in an exuberant mood. I should not suppose that, taken as a body, they spent much money here. The French commercial class, as shrewd a lot as there is in the world, had discounted their visit before they arrived. "The legionaries are not the kind of Americans who spend money in Paris," was what the shopkeepers and hotel-keepers said. The French Government spent several million francs to entertain the Legion. I very much doubt if the money spent by the legionaries in Paris came near covering this outlay of the city of Paris for their entertainment.

While on the question of conduct of Americans in Paris, I would call your attention to something very singular. Many of your readers have heard Ambassador Herrick's celebrated remark about Lindbergh. "Lindbergh left Paris as pure as when he entered it." In fact, the "purity" of Lindbergh, and the danger for him in the temptations with which Paris is supposed—I don't know why—to be infested, received a good deal of attention from specialists in these matters.

But now comes Miss (or Mrs.) Ruth Elder here along, and not a word have we heard about the dangers of Paris for her. There are now several American Protestant churches in Paris. On the Sunday Ruth Elder passed here I could not of course go to all of them, but I managed to go to three. I was much disappointed. There was some perfunctory allusion to the Elder performance, but not one minister thought fit to lecture her about the snares spread round her feet, or to enjoin her to leave Paris as pure as she entered it. Do they think Mrs. Elder is better able to take care of herself than a big, husky fellow like Lindbergh? And yet Lindbergh lived in Mr. Herrick's family, and went to bed at ten every night, while Mrs. Elder faces the crowd in pantaloons, with a man who is not her husband, and did not go near a church on Sunday. Do the ministers think she is past saving? Or that she is in no need of advice? Anyhow, it is very strange that it is the young man who is so jealously guarded and sedulously kept on the right track and not the young woman. The New York *Herald Tribune* (Paris edition) which has become quite wowser of late years and runs the Rev. Dr. Cadman's advice on the editorial page, even suggested that she should see some of the "night life" of Paris—whatever that is. It is not the night life in the Salvation Army barracks, at any rate. It was as much as any one's life was worth to mention the word "night" in connection with Lindbergh. I thought of sending him Young's "Night Thoughts," but counsels of prudence prevailed.

Covering the Legion visit was a certain amount of big melodrama stuff. The ash-tray story, for instance. Some bright party got it into his head to manufacture and distribute an ash-tray with a picture of a legionary dancing with a naked woman. Nobody took much notice of it till it was spied out by a reporter of *l'Œuvre*. Immediately Gustave Téry, the editor, loosened up his big batteries. The thing was an insult to the French woman, the French mother. Other papers joined in. The manufacturer was hunted out, and as he proved to be a Swiss or German he was expelled.

Yet the idea, after all, was harmless enough. It was simply a rather vulgar way of letting the Legion know that they were in for a great time. And who is to say that the woman was meant to be French? Every nationality, including Americans and Japanese, are to be found in the dancing and supping places nowadays. The night cabarets, which are, I suppose, the high spots the New York *Herald* thought Ruth Elder might visit, are often run by a Greek or other Levantine, manned and womaned by Russians and all varieties of Slavs who pass for Russians, as well as Persians, Armenians, Finlanders, and Magyars, with a Frenchman as landlord, and sometimes—though rarely—the cashier French also. As long as his rent is punctually remitted the French landlord does not trouble about what the "barbarians" do in his house.

The English papers were much amused at the care the French police took to purify Paris for the Americans. But the truth is that the measures were necessary for the protection of the decent people of Paris.

Paris, France, November 3 VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

Through Sports to Peace?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the first time I find myself in entire disagreement with one of your editorials. I, too, would feel gloomy about the peace mission of sports had I not participated in international contests in many countries.

American school-children are drilled and trained to be biased and prejudiced in sports and this partisanship sometimes finds painful expression in international games, creating the impression abroad that Americans are not good sportsmen.

During the first days of the Olympic games of 1920 at Antwerp a group of American Boy Scouts were instructed to give an American yell before each trial, concluding with the name of the representative of the United States. The yell was repeated in a *fortissimo* after an American victory, but the boys were silent after a defeat. But the atmosphere changed rapidly; in those days many a prejudice was broken down and many friendships established across national and color lines.

After the great explosion of a chemical factory in the Rhineland in the summer of 1921 the *Groupement sportif*—a sport association of civilian Frenchmen working in German occupied territory—organized a sports meeting for the benefit of those who had suffered. This meeting, attended by German and French civilians, and officers and privates of the French army, contributed substantially to a better feeling between Germans and French. Football games between German and French civilian teams subsequently became an ordinary occurrence in the Rhineland. I regard the German sport movement also as an expression of revolt against the rigid regimentation of the old Turnvereine. Sport has helped to break down many class barriers in Germany and there more than anywhere else sport, with its international competition, is something approaching a "moral equivalent for war."

Some years ago it was the custom to send warships as good-will messengers to other countries; today athletic young men fulfil such missions with greater effect. Many peculiar conceptions of Finland and the Finns have been dispelled by the visit to these shores of such splendid athletes and fine sportsmen as Kohlemainen, Ritola, and Nurmi. Did not Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and Byrd and his companions prove themselves splendid ambassadors?

Competitive sports in the United States of America are keen, hard, and ruthless. Great publicity, social prestige, scholarships, remunerative positions, "political jobs," all make losing hard. There is little sport for the joy of it. Fortunately in the rest of the world, where sports have not been commer-

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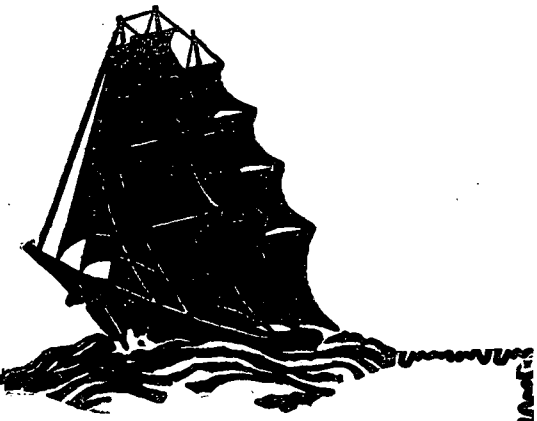

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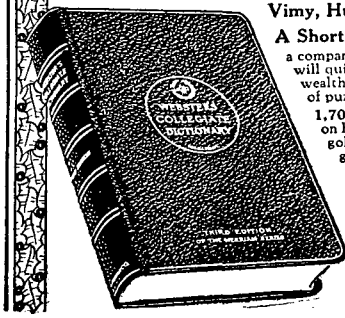

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cialized to any great extent, people still can and do *play*, and that is why I can see an avenue through sport to peace.

Paulsboro, N. J., November 9 HARRY F. V. EDWARD

Political Science

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My son, a student at Hamilton College, writes me:

> Tuesday we took our political-science field trip into Utica. And what a raucous time we had! We certainly got all the first-hand details. I was sent to one of the polls to solicit Republican votes. No attention was paid to the 100-foot rule and we even had representatives inside the building. The chief function of the ward committeeman was to appear at stated intervals with a bottle of Scotch and disperse the same. Even the policemen came in for that. Votes were bought left and right, the top price being two bucks. Our man won, rather unexpectedly, and you should have seen the Republican Club that night! Most of the men were propped up against the wall, and I guess they had to pour some officials into bed. It's a great town.

Albany, N. Y., November 25 WILLIAM PATER

For Greco and Carillo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial paragraph dealing with the Greco-Carillo case you said that I was chairman of an American committee of defense. I am happy to announce that Italians and Americans interested in the case have been able to set up one joint committee on which every radical and liberal group, party, or faction interested in the case has been able to unite. To those who know the strength of feeling that often divides us the achievement of this unity must seem a good omen worthy to rank with Clarence Darrow's consent to take the case.

Nevertheless this is no time for false confidence. Those who demand victims, even innocent victims, to satisfy their lust for revenge for the murder of two Fascists in the Bronx on last Decoration Day are relentless and unscrupulous. Not for one minute do we suspect that the trial judge who will sit when the case begins on December 5 will be a second Webster Thayer. Unfortunately, in these cases involving a necessarily expensive defense it takes more than a fair judge to save poor, radical, alien workers from a frame-up. A conservative budget calls for $20,000. This must be raised. It is a small sum to deliver us from a repetition of such anguish as we knew in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and to save American justice from another such tragic blight.

Of this united Greco-Carillo Defense Committee Robert Morss Lovett is chairman, Arturo Giovannitti vice-chairman, Marguerite Tucker secretary, Filipo Greco treasurer, and Stuart Chase auditor. We are happy to announce that the editor of *The Nation* is one of its members. Temporary offices are at 70 Fifth Avenue, where your contributions will be promptly acknowledged.

New York, November 28 NORMAN THOMAS

"Liberty Under the Soviets"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since writing my article on Liberty Under the Soviets I have learned of a half dozen cases in 1922 qualifying the general statement that no anarchists have been executed since the civil wars stopped. The executions were for "banditry" without trial in court, but the activities of these anarchists clearly had nothing to do with bandits. In the interest of accuracy in a difficult field of fact, this exception to the general statement is owed your readers.

Paris, November 15 ROGER BALDWIN

Texas vs. Denmark

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find myself caring less and less how it seems to Heywood Broun. From the greatness of his name when he was with the *World*, I was expecting something when he joined the staff of *The Nation*. But Bruce Calvert, from his Pigeon Roost, can utter platitudes with twice as much kick. I think *The Nation* got gypped.

New Braunfels, Texas, November 1 PHILIP N. RAWSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Heywood Broun on prohibition is great!

Copenhagen, Denmark, October 29 GLADYS SOUTHARD

To Readers in Chicago and Hamburg

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Believing that readers of *The Nation* have a great many interests in common, a group of men and women in Chicago have formed a fellowship whose object it is to get together for the interchange of ideas on, and to stimulate an interest in, civic, political, and educational problems, and to meet socially.

Will Chicago readers of *The Nation*, who feel that they may be interested in such a group, write to the undersigned, 7217 Yates Avenue, at once, as a meeting is to be held very shortly.

Chicago, November 18 CLAIRE P. GREENE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We want a group of live-minded people, readers of *The Nation*, to meet monthly at my home, Eilbecktal 56, Hamburg 23, to discuss public matters. FRED RUESCH

Hamburg, Germany, November 11

This Unbelieving *Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not write to *The Nation* with the least desire or expectation of having anything printed that I write but simply to satisfy myself. You interest me greatly and I read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what you print, and do not believe one word of it.

Why? Simply because you are on the side of the poor, the oppressed, and the exploited! For my part I hate the poor! Damn 'em, they only make me uncomfortable by their misery! Through all the ages the money question has lain at the heart of all social evolution.

All history is but the story of the struggle between those who have and those who have not. I trace it through all the life of Israel, and the prophets are ever fulminating against the rich and pleading for the poor. Jesus, the last of the prophets of Israel, did the same. The primitive Christians and the apostles sounded the same note *The Nation* is sounding today, and it never amounted to a row of pins and never will.

Nothing amuses me more than people who tell me that their objection to *The Nation* is that it is so unbelieving and skeptical. God save the mark! At heart you are a bunch of idealists, prophets, and primitive Christians. The mystery to me is where you get your courage for all this great faith you display! During your Sacco and Vanzetti spasms one would have thought that Jesus Christ or Saint Francis of Assisi was running your editorial pages. You drove some of my female friends on the coast here nearly insane with sympathy for those men. You were certainly the victims of a veritable hysteria that characterizes mystics. But it is no use! You live in the world of Calvin Coolidge, G. O. P., and the crowd that stoned and built the tombs of the prophets and crucified Jesus Christ.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, November 1

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International Relations Section

What Is Happening in China's Kuomintang

By ROY CORT

[*The following article is by an American who was closely associated with the work of the Kuomintang until after the Hankow-Nanking split. It gives an authoritative picture of the views of the Left Kuomintang, led by Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, which has been mistakenly denounced as "Communist."*]

I

IT has been plain for a long time that the Kuomintang—the Chinese Nationalist Party—was a heterogeneous organization into which all sorts of nationalist-minded Chinese have entered. They were, at first, even predominantly of the middle classes which wanted a unified China, an autonomous China, a China free of foreign exploitation, a China whose tariffs could be used for Chinese industrial protection, whose tariff receipts would enhance the profits of Chinese rather than foreign banks. For this element in the party the socio-economic program meant nothing. They did not at first even understand it. But the Left Kuomintang did understand it, seeing clearly that the full Kuomintang program could win throughout the country only if it had a wide base of general popular support. In Hankow the significance of the Left program (up to that time, in fact, the real Kuomintang program, the Sun Yat-sen program) began to make itself apparent. Trade unions were officially encouraged and tremendous strides were made in their organization and expansion. The peasants were organized and the troubles of the country-folk were explained to them in terms of landlord exploitation (which in the southern and central provinces is fact) and upon faulty financing which puts the peasant annually into the hands of usurers—the local moneyed gentry.

Strikes and disturbances, some characterized by ludicrous demands and violent tactics, inevitably followed. All this, in foreign eyes, was "bolshevism" and "communism," the result of Russian influence. Any detached assay of the conditions and wages, to improve which these strikes were called, will result in admission that there was justification for them, even if not for the excessive demands or the often violent tactics. Equally far-fetched demands, equally absurd tactics, and as violent, characterized the early years of the trade-union movement in the West. They are the inevitable concomitants of the first apprehension of power which comes to groups of men seeking to alleviate insufferable working conditions.

Many even of the officials of the Wuhan (Wuchang and Hankow and Hanyang, the three cities at the junction of the Yangtze and Han rivers) Government became worried at this general condemnation. They did not see its essentially foreign source. They had no long-termed view of Kuomintang political policy, nor were they able to see that the disturbing phases of the economic policy must inevitably come to an end when the workers, coming up against hard economic facts, would be forced to modify their program and tactics. (The facts of the whole strike period in Wuhan show that the actual results, for the workers, were not great, even though sufficient to show the trade-union movement in China that it can win something.) All that these leaders could see was that there was much criticism. Their friends, their relatives in business, and the landowning gentry began to give warnings. It frightened these timid souls, among whom might be mentioned most of the men who came down from Wuhan in September to take their places in the "reconstructed" Nanking Government.

The break first came in April, 1927, when Chiang Kai-shek smashed through the traces of party discipline and proclaimed his own government at Nanking. That was clear proof of the pressure of the foreigners' cry of "Communist! Communist!" For that cry was at its strongest in Shanghai. Here was the largest group of Chinese business men in constant contact with the foreign point of view, most amenable to its daily iterated expression.

Up to that time, in Wuhan at least, the Left leaders controlled the official viewpoint and policy. But there had been subterranean whispers and criticism and head-shaking. The revolt of Chiang Kai-shek was all that the "moderate" (as they are improperly called) elements in Wuhan needed. There began a general shift to the Right, reaching its officially sanctioned climax in the tentative mandate of the Political Council of the Kuomintang on July 14 that there must be a "purging of the party." That meant a campaign against the so-called "Communists" and the Leftists generally. Only Mrs. Sun Yat-sen and Eugene Chen took a stand in opposition to the mandate. Because of their opposition the mandate was not made official by the Central Executive Committee, but it was a sufficient cue to Generals Tang Sheng-chi and Ho Chien, the chief military commanders at Wuhan. They at once proceeded to act as if given official sanction by the highest authority. Indeed, they had, for the mandate did express intention. They closed the labor unions and quartered troops in their offices. They hunted trade-union leaders and executed "Communists." Tang Sheng-chi had done this wholesale in Hunan in May and June without any mandate from the government. His own will had been sufficient.

Mrs. Sun's statement, given out for publication July 17, made clear the schism that had come about. She piloried in burning terms the leaders who had "betrayed the policies of Sun Yat-sen" and had given way before the wills of unprincipled militarists. She especially made the whole question one between the leaders and their consciences, saying the crisis was a test of individuals as well as of opinions and principles. She made it clear that there was now no longer any difference between the personal government of Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking and the government at Wuhan. Both had alike turned their backs on the very classes upon which the whole Nationalist movement must be based. Both factions, she made plain, had definitely betrayed Sun Yat-sen's policies and she would have no further connection with either. She left Wuhan for Shanghai. She is now touring the world in the interest of the Left Kuomintang.

When, on August 8, the details of the "Communist" revolt of Generals Ho Lung and Yeh Ting at Nanchang became known in Wuhan, all the Left members of the Central Executive Committee—except Mrs. Sun and Eugene Chen—were expelled.

II

The cornerstone of Left Kuomintang policy is this: that there can be no controlling the feudal-minded militarists (who abound quite as numerously, it had developed,

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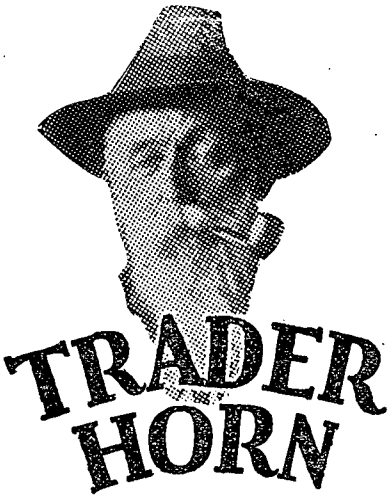

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F. P. A. hereby receives *The Inner Sanctum's* private Pulitzer Prize for the perfect simile, the perfect review and the perfect tribute, all contained in the following single paragraph on ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S new novel *Daybreak:*

> We could no more quit reading *Daybreak* before we had finished it, than say "Well, this is my last hand," when we were a terrific loser.

The columnists are all coming out for *Daybreak*. Says ELMER DAVIS in The New York Herald Tribune:

> SCHNITZLER being a classic, publishers can afford to issue his short books at a reduced price. Read *Daybreak* and you are likely to emit a lusty roar at the next overstuffed novel that comes your way.

Early prowlers in *The Inner Sanctum* yesterday might have found the sales manager and the editorial director huddled in earnest conclave. The pith of it all is contained in these solemn resolutions:

> a—That SCHNITZLER'S new novel *Daybreak* was getting under way even faster than *Fraulein Else*, *Beatrice*, *None But the Brave*, or *Rhapsody*.
> b—That it was best to be absolutely frank with the reading public and feature *Daybreak* as a novel of cards and women—which it is.
> c—That if the re-orders keep swirling in, giving the house a sixth best seller, and upsetting all our expensive five-out-of-ten-best-sellers advertising, we will just have to grin and bear it philosophically.

Trader Horn forges far ahead in our own sweepstakes this week. Any members of the American Skeptics Society who challenged our recent announcement that this book was earning $4,000 a week in royalties are hereby informed, not without a little gloating, that on the first two days of this week alone orders for more than 3,100 copies were counted by our embattled adding machines.

To-night the monastic brethren of the sanctum forsake the lamp and the library to prowl about million-footed Mannahatta. It is not to be simply a plunge into night life but our first chance to behold the flaunting and many-hued "twenty-four sheets" posted up and down the isle proclaiming the glories of *The Story of Philosophy* and *Trader Horn*.

Modesty is a shabby and paradoxical virtue if one calls too much attention to it, but *The Inner Sanctum* cannot resist the temptation to tell this one: Three months ago when we wrote copy for our outdoor advertising campaign, we calculated that by the third week of November *Trader Horn* would be in its 75th thousand and *The Story of Philosophy* in its 200th thousand. To-day *Trader Horn* is in its 92nd thousand and when our next printing order comes through (any minute now) *The Story of Philosophy* will be entering (we can scarcely believe it ourselves) *its third hundred thousand.*

—ESSANDESS

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among the Nationalist commanders as among the Northerners) until there is a broad base for the pyramid whose apex shall be a civilian government under the Kuomintang. Since peasants constitute from 85 to 90 per cent of the country's population, and the workers constitute the major portion of the population in the cities, the Kuomintang pyramid must be based on the peasantry and workers. The support of these can be won only by giving them something. Popular support for a political party can be won, in China as in America or Britain, only by answering the question: In what manner will it help us? The Kuomintang reply to this question was: Better wages and shorter hours for the workers; and for the peasants lower rents and no exploitation from the landed gentry, and a government-controlled system for financing the farmer without usury. To these specific replies were added the more general ones of an end to militarist exploitation and a period to the special privileges of foreigners in China.

The masses of China are a force, a vast political force, which only the Left Kuomintang leaders realize, or have succeeded in using. And they had won the masses, not by the terrorism of bayonets but by the persuasion of an economic program. This program contemplates widespread trade-union organization in all trades and crafts, and a great and general improvement in the now admittedly bad conditions obtaining in all the large-scale industries in China. It contemplates a revolutionary reorganization of the land system and, perhaps, a cutting-up of the larger holdings in some of the central and southern provinces. It contemplates a great reduction in rentals for peasant holdings and a new system for financing the peasant, a system which will end the usurious control of the farmer now exerted by the village gentry, who are not only the bankers for the peasants but their granaries and middle-men as well. It may be feared, in some quarters, that a definite attempt will be made to seize the land outright. This happened in Hunan Province in April and May, but on a very small scale, out of all proportion to the amount of publicity given it in the British press in China. But this will not be the policy of the Left Kuomintang. That policy recognizes ownership of land, but it will plan for an effective curb on the practical slavery of the working peasants which the present landlordism and gentry-banker system involve.

All of this, enlightened Chinese leaders point out, will do nothing finally to affect adversely the position of foreign business in China. It will, beyond question, increase the cost of living in China. That is something which more level-headed and far-seeing foreign business men already recognize as an inevitability. And they welcome it—those who are looking at the Chinese field in terms of decades rather than months—for an increase in the cost of living will naturally mean a greater circulation of money.

III

What are the results, politically, of the elimination of the Leftists and the coalition between Wuhan and Nanking Right elements? The masses, whose support, it has been demonstrated, must be won for any finally victorious Nationalist movement, are quiescent and cowed. Their organs—the labor unions, the peasant organizations—are "reorganized," which is a euphemism for emasculated. Their union leaders are dead or in hiding. The "reorganized" unions are headed by non-workers or non-peasants. They are official or "fascist" unions and organizations. The masses of peasants and workers themselves distrust them. Actually, in both country and city, the nuclei of the old unions still remain and, in underground fashion, function.

The driving force of the Left elements is lost to the new government. The men who head it are, for the most part, elderly men who are as archaic in their ideas and methods as are the men of Peking. They are slightly progressive mandarins, little more.

Foreign influence in China, then, has been instrumental in bringing about the return to power of such leaders.

IV

I have not touched upon the effect the more active intervention of both the British and the Japanese had in bringing about the shift to the Right. Japan's armed intervention in Shantung had a marked effect (some believe deciding) on the Northern campaign beyond the Yangtze. This had its repercussion in Wuhan by making some of the leaders there believe in the need for reconciliation with Chiang Kai-shek and his Nanking group. The British intervention in Shanghai also had its effect on purely Chinese politics. I have here dealt with what are more nearly psychological factors instrumental in bringing about the breakdown of Leftist power. The other phases, the physical effect of the presence of foreign troops, make another story.

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Walter Lippmann, Connoisseur of Public Life

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

MR. LIPPMANN'S publishers do not have to scream that his "Men of Destiny" [1] is *the* book since Plutarch's "Lives." They merely indicate that Mr. Lippmann is a man of consequence. He is a connoisseur of public life. He appreciates that social politics is the behavior of a culture, and he has civilized himself accordingly. His learning is not too heavy, it is well distributed and limber. His intellectualism is not the usual desperate effort but authentic. He is a natural journalist: a shrewd detective of private motives in public life.

All of which makes Mr. Lippmann a man of consequence; of which he is quite sensible. He is not so much a professional journalist as he is a man of considerable importance. There is something in his temper which tends to make him, as the years go by, more prominent than significant. For fourteen years he has been writing books in social theory, each one a contribution of more or less distinction. But what one remembers of "A Preface to Politics," "Drift and Mastery," "The Stakes of Diplomacy," "Public Opinion," "The Phantom Public" is no more substantive than these hazy titles. He is persuasive in the reading, but he blurs in retrospect. One comes to feel that he is more sophisticated and astute than wise, more competent than sound. Possibly he unwittingly resents this inversion in the scale of values. His urbanity protests a little: it is a trifle pompous. A certain condescension, a touch of civilized conceit defends his observations.

The essays collected in "Men of Destiny" are no doubt intended merely as a passing show. The few papers on current issues are appropriately fugitive. Yet I think that this is Mr. Lippmann's most revealing book. For some of these "Men of Destiny" point the reason why Mr. Lippmann never quite satisfies. Mr. Lippmann is afraid. He is afraid to venture beyond sophistication to its conclusions. He is afraid to leave the *noblesse oblige* of the open mind. He is mortally afraid of landing on the soap-box, not because the soap-box is a dangerous place but because it is no place for a connoisseur. And when the truth has to descend to platitude and insist that the difference between the old and the new Tammany is very large but largely unimportant, Mr. Lippmann yawns: "Tammany is . . . no worse . . . than other political machines." Or when the truth has to rant a bit and say plainly that the friendship between Wilson and House was a friendship of convenience between a psychopathic egoist and a glorified political fixer—disgustingly clear in "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House"—Mr. Lippmann writes twenty pages on Wilson and House to show that the truth is not quite so simple. Indeed, the whole book seems to indicate that the Wilsonian nausea left in Mr. Lippmann an anti-democratic complex rather than a revulsion against the Wilsoniad itself.

With those "Men of Destiny" in whose destiny the Open Mind never had a stake Mr. Lippmann is free and easy. With them his acuteness is unhampered. He shows clearly that Bryan never changed from his know-nothing radicalism in 1896 to his know-nothing fundamentalism in 1925. To Bryan democracy was a show of hands within sight. He banked on the least common denominator of mankind, its most common ignorance. He died after gorging himself with the heavy food of a know-nothing diet, symbolic of his democratic dogma. He was a martyr to his sterling ignorance. And Mr. Lippmann wrote his best obituary.

In the essay on The Kellogg Doctrine its doctrinaire emerges as a simple and bewildered man. Mr. Kellogg always looks on the verge of tears. As one of the leaders of the American bar he honestly believes that the United States Supreme Court, if it had the jurisdiction, would undoubtedly declare the Mexican constitution of 1917 unconstitutional. And Nicaragua acts as though this were 1776. He is merely trying to protect the Calles regime from illegal excesses against Doheny and the Nicaraguans from failing in their duty by the Seligmans and Browns. What's wrong with that? Mr. Lippmann explains to Mr. Kellogg. This essay is really a primer in the evolution of the Monroe Doctrine for the Kellogg mind.

In looking into The Greatness of Mr. Mellon Mr. Lippmann is less patient. He takes Mr. Mellon's admirers at their word that their hero is comparable to Alexander Hamilton. He compares the two, which really is a dirty trick on Mr. Mellon. Both live in the eighteenth century. Both believe in plutocracy. And there the awful difference begins. "The difference is that Hamilton believed in plutocracy as a means to an end; Mr. Mellon believes in plutocracy as an end in itself." Hamilton wanted to build a nation by eighteenth-century methods. Mr. Mellon wants rich men to grow richer by the same methods. He is not bound by time. By 1985 he proposes to collect $22,000,000,000 from Europe. In the meantime he means to tax the poor more heavily than the rich, lest the rich lose their initiative in working the poor. Mr. Mellon "is a high protectionist by birth." He has achieved an enormous fortune. And he had greatness thrust upon him. He reminds Mr. Lippmann of Alexander Hamilton as much as Jack Dempsey reminds him of "Julius Cæsar who for a time was champion of the world."

With Messrs. McAdoo and Borah Mr. Lippmann is more affable and cautious. Hope springs eternal in the liberal breast, and both gentlemen have raised it now and then. To Mr. McAdoo, it seems to me, Mr. Lippmann is a bit too kind. Mr. McAdoo's worldliness, political sagacity, boldness, and high administrative gifts are shiftier than they appear in Mr. Lippmann's sketch. Mr. McAdoo's virtues are so dexterous that it is hard to see them.

Senator Borah's virtues, on the other hand, are so independent that it is hard to use them. The Senator is so innately and immediately independent that he is absolutely undependable. He is untrammeled even by the logic of his own convictions. The Constitution enjoins liberty, while consistent views encroach upon it. And so the Senator deems it unconstitutional to have such views. His Russian policy is typical. Most people are for Russian recognition,

[1] The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

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if they are, because it is good for revolution or for business. Mr. Borah is for Russian recognition because he does not care a hang for Russia. Mr. Lippmann points out that the Senator can afford such independence as a good-in-itself —what Joseph Pulitzer once called such indegoddampendence—because being famous for his independence he sheds luster on the obscure State which keeps him in it. On the whole Mr. Lippmann thinks he is a good investment. "You will find him very useful tomorrow." Who knows but what the law of averages may throw his views your way?

But the most significant essays in this book, because they seem to me to contribute most toward the understanding of Mr. Lippmann, are those on Mr. Mencken, Governor Smith, President Coolidge, and Sinclair Lewis.

Mr. Lippmann looks at Mr. Mencken through his "Notes on Democracy." He finds that they are "only a collection of trite and somewhat confused ideas." Then why is Mr. Mencken so tremendously effective? Because "his appeal is not from mind to mind but from viscera to viscera. . . . You have to judge him totally, roughly, approximately, without definition, as you would a barrage of artillery, for the general destruction rather than the individual shots." Mr. Lippmann illustrates:

> The most important books are often of this kind. Rousseau's "Social Contract" and Tom Paine's "Rights of Man" were far inferior as works of the mind to the best thoughts of the eighteenth century, but they exerted an incalculably great influence because they altered men's prejudices. *Mr. Mencken's book is of the same sort.* [Italics mine.] The democratic phase which began in the eighteenth century has about run its course. There is now taking place a radical change of attitude . . . toward the whole conception of popular government. In the United States Mr. Mencken is the most powerful voice announcing this change.

In short, Mr. Mencken is the leader of a social revolution.

Mr. Mencken, of course, is nothing of the kind. The "Notes on Democracy" are written in the swift and simple swing of a world-shaking brochure, but they are essentially a burlesque translation of Mr. Mencken's personal prejudices in favor of the Rabelaisian life into the form of a social manifesto. His revolution is for the highest possible personal civilization. The counter-revolution is democracy. Hence all democrats, without distinction, are swine and lice. The effect is a huge practical joke on the last century and a half in that highly civilized preposterous vein which is Mr. Mencken's genius. In effect, he traces the Congressional remarks of Messrs. Blease, Upshaw, and Blanton to Rousseau, Locke, and Jefferson. John Stuart Mill fought for the freedom of the Flatbush flapper. Adam Smith speaks to us through Roger Babson. Karl Marx is at the bottom of the graft in the building trades. And Luther's ghost, I take it, pens the daily piffle of the Reverend Cadman.

All this, of course, is funnier than true. Democracy is not where the blah begins, for the blah began way back in the Neanderthal. There is nothing specifically democratic about social stupidity, which always parades under the prevailing dogmas. Else the prophets could not have been so clairvoyant about our business men and bishops, Voltaire could not have had so much more fun even than Mr. Mencken with every one of our contemporary mountebanks, and Chekhov could not have understood Sinclair Lewis's characters so infinitely better than Mr. Lewis.

In justice to Mr. Lippmann be it said that his perspicacity plays havoc with his revolutionary interpretation of "the holy terror from Baltimore." In one sentence Mr. Mencken is a new Tom Paine whose common sense rebels against our social order. In the next sentence he is a sophisticated Stephen Leacock whose uncommon nonsense enlivens social theory. The essay is divided against itself because Mr. Lippmann is divided against himself. For at bottom Mr. Mencken's joke on democracy is Mr. Lippmann's dilemma with it. The burden of all his books on the public mind since the war and of his two essays in this volume on The Causes of Political Indifference Today and Second-Best Statesmen is that democracy functions in fact as absurdly as Mr. Mencken writes of it in fun. Mr. Lippmann is obsessed by the liberal fixation that democracy is a "method" which "functions" to the degree in which everybody "participates" in it; which is like saying that the telephone company cannot function unless every operator is educated in the physics of sound and electricity. The democratic method does not differ from the social mechanism of any other social order, as Mr. Lippmann brilliantly shows in The Phantom Public: it is a fight between the "ins" and "outs" along the eternal right-center-left front; a handful leads, a few more follow, and the rest don't care. The significant thing about democracy is not its method but its underlying purpose. And its contemporary purpose is that the sweat of John Doe's brow is John Doe's business. As a purpose it is quite as simple as the soap-boxer proclaims. The methods for achieving this simple purpose in our highly complex order range from schemes for "adult education" to a blind faith in a proletarian dictatorship. One may choose all the way from boosting the democratic ticket to getting oneself jailed in Leavenworth.

The more tiresome liberal mind is content with watching the democratic "experiment" as we are all being "educated" to "function" in it, thus raising opportunism from a means to some ends into an end-in-itself. But Mr. Lippmann is never tiresome. He tries to escape the pragmatic predicament by raising opportunism not merely into an end-in-itself but by blandly calling it a revolution. And he sees in Mr. Mencken "the most powerful voice announcing" our "radical change of attitude" toward democracy because Mr. Mencken's revolution against near-beer and for Mai-Bock is Mr. Lippmann's revolution against the insipid Mr. Coolidge and for the colorful "Al" Smith. Mr. Lippmann is not content with the perfectly intelligent belief that Governor Smith is by all odds the most intelligent aspirant for the Presidency in either of the two old parties. Some conscionable maladjustment in him insists on glorifying this perfectly sensible belief into a revolutionary faith. Smith is not simply a surprisingly good man for Tammany, but "A Man of Destiny" whose "fate" it is "to deepen" a "conflict [which] is the inevitable consequence of our history." We begin to smell in Tammany a new Jacobin Club, and in Smith a new Marat of the sidewalks of New York.

Governor Smith, says Mr. Lippmann, represents the democratic urban civilization, the new immigrants who began to come about 1850. "For seventy-five years, in spite of their vast influence in local politics, they have produced nobody who could fairly be considered for the Presidency. Now from their midst has come such a man. . . . And yet he is unavailable. By the unspoken and unwritten law he cannot be nominated by any national party (as of December, 1925)." Obviously he is a revolutionary martyr. And he is a martyr not because he is Wet and Catholic. He is

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unavailable because the older America of town and country fears "that strange and dangerous things will come out of Babylon."

This older America likes Mr. Coolidge, whose face is his fortune. Mr. Coolidge is cool, thrifty, close-mouthed. He is canny in his sense of honor and parsimonious with his honesty. He administers the most powerful office in the world as though he were the boss of an aldermanic district. Most Americans, Mr. Lippmann observes, are spending furiously, are bent on pleasure, and administer a clerkship as though it were a great profession. Mr. Coolidge provides "this generation, which is not virtuous in that simple, dry, shrewd sense, with an immense opportunity for vicarious virtue." He is our offering to the ancient homilies.

To function as a totem of the seventies Mr. Coolidge works very hard. To do next to nothing in Cæsar's job takes enormous industry and uncanny skill. It's not a cinch to get America to yawn over the oil scandal, to revive the spirit of Jay Gould in the days of Owen Young. It takes genius to inspire the headline: "Coolidge Wins Coal Victory; Denies He Interfered."

In short, Mr. Lippmann points out through the personalities of "Cal" and "Al" the difference between the older indigenous America of town and farm and the urban, mercurial, industrial, "new immigrant" America. And this difference, he indicates, is a social revolution. There was 1776, there was the Civil War, and now we have "to face the conflict" with the new Tammany.

I think that the brilliance of these two essays consists entirely in the high persuasiveness of their half-truths. Mr. Lippmann's interpretation of Governor Smith undoubtedly explains the Governor's difficulties as a Presidential candidate. His interpretation of President Coolidge undoubtedly explains why it was possible to popularize him into a combination of the best features of Washington and Lincoln, while in fact he combines the most characteristic defects of Buchanan and Arthur; only at the right time. Mr. Lippmann is quite right when he says that there is an ever-widening cultural gap between the industrial centers and the country districts. But neither Smith nor Coolidge represents the fundamental factors of this estrangement. Mr. Lippmann cannot explain the difference between Smith and Coolidge because, except in color scheme, there is none. Governor Smith represents the "new immigrants" merely in their adaptation to the old Tammany Hall under new conditions. He does not represent the urban worker excepting in so far as the reactionary trade unions misrepresent his interests in the urban Democratic machine. Governor Smith is undoubtedly above Tammany. His troubles with it indicate it. He is undoubtedly the best man in his party. But Governor Smith will win or lose the Democratic nomination on the Democratic platform, which is a facsimile of the Republican counterfeit of social issues. And President Coolidge is not President of the United States because his rent is $32.50 a month, but because he represents Big Business.

Mr. Lippmann's suavity deserts him when he gets to Sinclair Lewis. Mr. Lewis's characters are not people but "stereotypes," whom he kicks and abuses with sadistic joy. His realism is a grotesque verisimilitude, dogmatic, vulgar, and unfair. His wit is mere malice which pursues poor foolish Babbitt into the privacy of his bathroom just to sneer at his pathetic pleasure at a fancy towel rack; which hounds poor Carol Kennicott, whose only fault is that she is weak and restless and dull and ashamed of her environment, of which she is an authentic part, a little soul made less by a culture which gives her nothing to do since that's all she can do. "There is no truth" in the portrait of Elmer Gantry, writes Mr. Lippmann. Mr. Lewis simply stole a parson's picture from the Rogues' Gallery.

When Mr. Lippmann is annoyed he is magnificently formidable. He cruelly shows that Mr. Lewis hates Babbitt because he is one himself. Lewis sees Babbitt with the half-crazed introspective clarity of a bitter consciousness of kind, as an anti-Semitic Jew sees his fellow-Jews. The extraordinary objectivity of his types is achieved because his predominant passion is hatred of his kind. His "laughter is not comic, it is protective." He wants to be as civilized as Mr. Mencken, but he is merely "immature," raw, and adolescent.

All of which is largely true. And all of which makes Mr. Lewis so important. He is Babbitt disgusted with himself, Babbitt ashamed of Rotary. Babbitt wondered for a few weak moments whether he had not better quit. Lewis at least tried to "find salvation by escaping" Main Street and Zenith City. "He has just arrived in the big city." He failed, for he made a "success" as an exhibitionist of "the provincial civilization of America. . . . He takes it with him wherever he goes." None the less, he "has imposed his conception of America on a very considerable part of the reading and writing public." The fact is, Mr. Lewis is a rebel. He is the only "Man of Destiny" in Mr. Lippmann's whole collection.

Mr. Lewis is at least a little man of destiny because he undoubtedly has helped to break the path for more civilized critics who will stop picking on Babbitt; for, after all, Babbitt is merely the poor ape of a plutocratic order which robs him of his human dignity. They will stop hounding Carol Kennicott in her cheap unhappiness, the more tragic for its cheapness, and show her that the difference between her moon-calf liberalism and the liberalism to which she aspires is a step not worth taking. They will even have pity on the hairy Esau of an Elmer Gantry, and be more interested in the modernist Jacobs of the church who after all are cheating him of his birthright in exploiting human ignorance. Conceivably, they may even show that Mr. Lewis's types are but the moron victims crowding at the right wing of a culture at whose enlightened left wing Mr. Lippmann sits as a connoisseur and critical apologist.

We all have to live in the culture of which we are a part and to accept a good deal of the world in which we eat. Nor can there be a moral obligation to feel a sense of social justice. That Mr. Lippmann has become an apologist for the *status quo* is, after all, his personal affair. What is rather annoying about his views is that air of looking forward with which he posits them, insisting that the National Child Labor Amendment is even more dangerous to democracy than to the National Manufacturers' Association; telling the world that "Al" Smith is the leader of a social revolution; solemnly warning Mexico that Mr. Morrow is not merely a most intelligent man, which is quite true and quite sufficient to make him an excellent ambassador under the circumstances, but that he represents the most progressive spirit in America, which is bunk; and suggesting a life sentence for Sacco and Vanzetti, apparently on the theory that a living tomb is a liberal compromise with murder.

Sophists aim to win while philosophers want to know

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the truth, said Socrates. Mr. Lippmann is a successful man whose observations current events constantly refute. He takes the democratic dogma of the eighteenth century and brilliantly finds it wanting under plutocratic corruption and hypocrisy; while the news columns of the paper whose editorials are in his charge report every day the world war which is still going on "to make the world safe for democracy" with a vengeance—in Russia, China, the British Empire, on the continent of Europe, and even in the subways of New York.

On Contemporary American Fiction

By CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

THE following remarks are intended not as an analysis of contemporary American fiction but merely as a tentative presentation of a general feeling which has grown up and is growing up among a goodly number of young writers and critics. That feeling is one of a rather puzzled dissatisfaction with the old-line American novelists, a sad inability to secure from them the intellectual nourishment which every younger generation has a right to expect from its elders. Whatever else it may be, to these younger people the standard American novel is not as exciting or vital as the book-review sections and the popular critics assure them it is. Whether their state of mind is entirely justifiable or not is difficult to determine; but of one thing I am confident: this attitude is motivated by no cheap cynicism, by no snobbery, but by a sincere desire to discover the best in contemporary literature and to cleave to and love that best.

I offer, in a very gingerly manner, a few observations which may serve to explain their rather inarticulate and moody dissatisfaction. The first of them is concerned with what appears to me a fundamental weakness in our popular criticism. About fifteen years ago, directly following one of the most sterile and devitalized periods in American literature, there suddenly appeared a succession of interesting writers of fiction. Dreiser was accepted; then came Anderson, Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, Cabell, Lewis. The critics, comparing these sincere and relatively daring novelists with the faded pettiness of the previous generation, went wild with delight. They were too grateful for the phenomenon to be able to apply any absolute standards, to view these sudden apparitions against anything like a background of eternity. Mr. Carl Van Doren, ordinarily the sanest of observers, wrote a laudatory book which still dominates the tone of literary judgment. In this bird's-eye view of the modern American novel, the author's honest enthusiasm carried him so far as to make him expend on Booth Tarkington a perspicacity and penetration of which his subject was almost humorously unworthy. The laudation to be found in this book, which must now be considered essentially as a pleasurable reaction rather than as a cold examination, persists to this day. The general feeling is that the Mid Western novelists represent a definite renaissance of the art of fiction in America. Yet one forgets that this renaissance acquires a large portion of its glamor merely from its happening to follow upon a fortuitously inferior literary epoch.

But this enthusiasm, unfortunate though it was, does not constitute the fundamental weakness in our popular criticism. The chief fault lies in confusing a sociological importance with an artistic one. What I mean is this. The novels of Dreiser and Lewis and to a lesser degree those of Hergesheimer, Anderson, and Cabell are the result less of a genuine aesthetic urge than of a series of important and disillusioning discoveries about the American social fabric. The American realistic novel is simply the symbol of the development of a national awareness, an awareness of money, of sex, of dulness, of corruption, of Puritanism, and of the role these things play in our life. These discoveries were sudden and, so it seemed, startling; and that sudden and startling quality reflected itself in the form and texture of the novels. It reflected itself in naivete, in incoherence, in youthful vagueness, in obstreperousness, in a belligerent liberalism, in a patriotic provincialism. These novels that embodied a valuable, if naive, criticism of modern American society were not novels in an inevitable sense. They did not possess that severe formal unity and beauty to be found in the Russians and the better Frenchmen. Many of them should have been tracts, others should have been poems, almost all of Anderson's work should have been an autobiography, or better still a diary; a great many should never have been written down at all but remained interesting conversation.

For a novel is not necessarily a great or even a good novel because it exposes the so-called national soul. Its aesthetic significance is proportional to the depth at which its soul-exploration begins; and at that depth purely national or provincial discoveries become irrelevant. To use the stock illustration, a comparison of "Madame Bovary" with "Main Street." In these two cases the actual working materials of the authors are similar, the basic conception is the same; the rebellion of a second-rate woman against a fifth-rate emotional and social conformity. Now, when we Americans read "Madame Bovary" we undergo an aesthetic experience, a feeling that we are confronted with a great wisdom and a great poetry. But when Frenchmen read "Main Street" it is because they wish to find out about the Street. The novel becomes a useful, satiric itinerary. Similarly, for a cultivated continental, the outpourings of Mr. Anderson are stimulating because they are the naive expression of a naive American soul; it does not occur to them, as it does to our professional enthusiasts, to speak of Anderson and Dostoevski in the same breath. The attitude of the continental appears to me a civilized one; the attitude of the editors of the *Saturday Review*, to name a representative example, is simply an eager patriotism. The boy admires the circus; but the adult cannot, without a slight feeling of shame, applaud it,

But it will be urged that the realistic discovery of the national scene was a noble and praiseworthy thing in itself; that without the realistic viewpoint with which the older novelists have provided us it would be impossible to advance further. Though I refuse to admit that there is any valuable realism in Mr. Anderson's lyric cry, I am willing to accept the conception which views these American novelists as a necessary bridge to something better. All I ask is that this secondary quality be kept in mind and that we should cease to treat them as if they were first-rate artists. All I plead for is some consistent and vehement destructive criticism and honest evaluation—a rather healthy order, for it would involve the immediate destruction of almost all our literary reviews and magazines.

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In a country such as England or France, where the literary tradition is homogeneous and unbroken and the elementary discoveries about the national character were made long ago, good British novelists do not have to spend their time berating their middle-class public for its stupidity or the aristocracy for its snobbishness; nor do the Frenchmen have to write exposures of Gallic sensuality. All these things are taken for granted; or else it becomes the function of the essayist, the critic, or the political observer to deal with them. But over here we have to clear away so much rubbish before a novelist can really deal with essential novelistic material. We have to educate an audience with a frontier mentality. I presume it is necessary to Mr. Anderson to discover for himself that respectable American business men get restless when they reach forty; for Mr. Lewis to discover that most American preachers are hypocrites or fools; for Mr. Bromfield to discover that the dominating influence of women is occasionally a bad thing for the nation; for Mr. Dell to discover that it is difficult for a sensitive young man to live in an industrialized community. Very good; all very true and useful; but let us not get excited about the artistic value of works which embody only these sincere obviousnesses.

The real trouble with such discoveries is that it does not require any great wisdom or intelligence to make them. One need not be much more than a cut above Babbitt to realize what sort of man he is; and Mr. Anderson has apparently shown that to record the vagaries of adolescence and the primary conflicts of naive souls one need not oneself be anything but adolescent and naive. The result is that our so-called best novelists are a pleasantly unsophisticated lot. Miss Rebecca West, speaking of Sinclair Lewis's latest work, made a very pugnant (and un-American) observation. In the novel there is portrayed, as a sort of counterweight to Elmer Gantry, a liberal clergyman—sincere, thoughtful, troubled by the inconsistencies and absurdities of the dogmas he preaches. What Miss West objected to was the assumption on Mr. Lewis's part that this clergyman, instead of being an equally fit subject for satire, was really a rather fine and admirable character, the hero to Gantry's villain—all of which shows in Mr. Lewis, of course, nothing but the same sort of thoughtful innocence that is exemplified every day in the pulpits of liberal Unitarian churches.

Our most sophisticated novelist is commonly held to be Mr. Cabell. Compared with a life-size artist like Gide or Thomas Mann he is almost tenderly unsophisticated. At most he has a single idea: all his legends but play naughty little variations on the theme of illusion. He is praised for his rebellion against the drab materialism of American life; but he is a one-dimensional rebel. His cynicism is so terribly easy. On the Continent intelligent men had begun to smile at Anatole France five years before his death; and even before that he had been essentially the pet of the bourgoisie. But here Cabell is still accepted as a great ironist, though he goes on repeating his *petit maître* cynicisms year after year without much variation to indicate intellectual or emotional growth.

This naivete would not be so disheartening if it were not accompanied by a related phenomenon: an artistic provincialism which is unparalleled in the rest of the world. Our established novelists are, in many cases, simply behind the times. They follow the Wellsian or the Galsworthian formula when the more alert young English novelists have themselves abandoned it, when their art might so easily be enriched by an attentive study of the best contemporary French and German writers. But how little attention is paid to such work! How many of our novelists are consciously and excitedly aware that the last two years have witnessed the American publication of two great European masterpieces, masterpieces from which one can learn, which contain formal advances, which pose aesthetic problems of an interesting knottiness, which stimulate the mind and raise it above any narrow preoccupation with a too purely American scene? Schiller's conception of the naive artist must be abandoned; one cannot create worthily by merely examining one's own moods, as does Mr. Anderson; or by examining one's own home town, as does Mr. Lewis; or by reading the works of Anatole France, as does Mr. Cabell. The novelist must be an extremely intelligent man, one of a world confraternity of intelligent men, sophisticated in the best sense, eager to tackle aesthetic problems because they are difficult, willing to learn from his contemporaries, stern in his rejection of what is obvious or transitory or provincial, certain that his material is essentially novel material, not newspaper stuff, not personal moods, not cigarette-smoke irony.

That we have at least the beginning of such an attitude is evident in the work of Hemingway, Wescott, Elizabeth Roberts, Aiken—and it is noticeable that each of these, in his or her own way, is revolting against the novelistic old guard. But this other side of American fiction deserves a separate and distinct treatment which is impossible here.

Plastic and Temporal in Art

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN so far as Wyndham Lewis can be thought of as part of any movement, it is with T. S. Eliot and the other intellectualists that his thought allies him; but nothing could, on the other hand, be more unlike the costiveness of their minds than is the fluency of his. Ostensibly prophets of a new faith engaged in announcing the glad tidings of a salvation by abstract thought, a certain despairing lassitude has unreasonably enough fallen upon them and it is with the greatest difficulty that they succeed in squeezing from their minds two paragraphs of prose or one quatrain of verse per year. With him, on the contrary, the pen can never keep pace with the brain and one treatise is not half done before another is projected. Originally a painter, he has been led on from subject to subject and, plunging with enormous gusto into the midst of the abstrusest problems, he has emerged each time from a review of countless volumes with a great deal to say about everything. Within less than two years he has published three long, erudite, and passionate books, but he has the air of a man who is just warming up to his subject, and the latest ends, characteristically enough, with the statement that it is merely a prolegomenon intended to clear the ground for his own thesis by a criticism of prevailing theories.

Like all of Mr. Lewis's books "Time and Western Man"[1] includes almost too much for a single treatise and its method is highly discursive. Book One, "The Revolutionary Simpleton," offers perhaps the most interesting criticism which has ever been made of such leaders in con-

[1] "Time and Western Man." By Wyndham Lewis. London: Chatto and Windus. 21 shillings.

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temporary "revolutionary" literature as Ezra Pound, James Joyce, and Gertrude Stein, along with incidental comment upon the world of what Mr. Lewis calls "High Bohemia" in which various artistic fads become fashionable; but Book Two, "An Analysis of the Philosophy of Time," brings him to the theoretical consideration of certain habits of thought which he regards as the ultimate cause of the failure of modern literature and which are the chief subjects of his book.

Bergson, demoded though he is, Mr. Lewis considers to be the father of the contemporary time cult, and he traces through Russell, Einstein, Whitehead, and Alexander the growth of an orthodoxy within the limits of which all the leaders of contemporary metaphysics are comprehended by virtue of a common agreement that time is the ultimate reality, or, much more properly, that it supplies the aspect under which all phenomena may be most profitably regarded. This "time-mind," generating as it does a veneration in the philosopher for mere flux as such and producing in even the popularizer a tendency to regard nothing important except as part of a history or an evolution, Mr. Lewis attacks as fundamentally antithetical to the processes of art and hence as inimical to the development of any satisfactory human society. It reaches, he says, its ultimate absurdity in the misty lucubrations of Spengler, who seems to maintain that the Western World is dying *because* it alone has risen to a realization that nothing has any meaning except as history; and it transforms all those who have any aesthetic sensibility into what he scornfully calls "time-trotters"—people, that is to say, whose minds rush back and forth through the centuries "doing" the culture of this period and that much as the globe-trotter "does" the medieval cathedrals one summer and the civilization of India the next.

"Plastic" is the adjective which Mr. Lewis chooses to describe that aspect of things upon which he prefers to concentrate his attention. It is a painter's word, and one may suspect that it is employed by him in such a way as to include not merely those relationships in space which are the elementary concerns of the painter but also those which a metaphysician would call "logical" and which a mystic would describe as those perceived when a thing is seen *sub specie aeternitatis*. It serves, however, as well as any other to stand for all that is missed when we fall into the habit of assuming that we have plucked the heart out of a thing when we have traced its origin, its development, and its death as an evolution occurring in time; and we reach the crux of the matter in a passage cited by Mr. Lewis in high disapproval from Alexander's "Space, Time, and Deity." "It is, in fact," says Alexander, "the cardinal defect of universals as conceived by Plato or the Pythagoreans that they were changeless, immovable, and eternal. For not even the mind of Plato could be free from the habits of his age, one of whose tendencies was to seek the highest ideal of perfection in gravity of action and statuesque repose rather than in restless motion. . . . It is claiming no great credit that for us universals should have from the beginning the form of motion, should be not merely spatial but spatio-temporal."

Upon this patronage of Plato and his fellow-ancients Mr. Lewis empties the vials of his scorn. The thing to be noted is, he points out, the contrast implied in the fact that while the essential aspect of anything was, for the classical age, that static perfection toward which it was tending, it has become for us, living in a time-world, rather the history of the thing's evolution or even, at times, merely the nature of its origin. And against the assumption that this change of attitude represents a gain, that man can live better or more profitably as part of a flux which has no meaning outside itself, Mr. Lewis protests with all vigor. Though we may be children of time we *want* to be children of eternity, and though I am not sure Mr. Lewis would accept this formulation of the dilemma it will serve nevertheless to illuminate the direction of his striving. "What I am concerned with here, first of all, is," he says, "not whether the great time-philosophy that overshadows all contemporary thought is viable as a system of abstract truth, but if in its application it helps or destroys our human arts. With that is involved, of course, the very fundamental question of whether we should set out to transcend our human condition (as formerly Nietzsche and then Bergson claimed that we should); or whether we should transplant into human terms the whole of our datum. My standpoint is that we are creatures of a certain kind, with no indication that a radical change is imminent. . . . I prefer the chaste wisdom of the Chinese or the Greek to the hot tawny brand of superlative fanaticism coming from the parched deserts of the Ancient East, with its ineradicable abstractness. I am for the physical world."

The argument of "Time and Western Man," carrying though it does an immense burden of detailed criticism directed against the chief exponents of the time philosophy, is conducted with great acuteness and illuminated with flashes of maliciously humorous characterization like that in which Bertrand Russell, "whose mind is that of an excited and rather sentimental amateur," is described as a man possessed of an entertainer's instinct which leads him always to take the "entertaining" or "exciting" side in a debate. Perhaps the discourse would be somewhat clarified from a metaphysical standpoint if Mr. Lewis would state more clearly than he does whether, in his championship of the "plastic" against the "temporal" view of reality, he attacks the latter as a falsely assumed "truth of reference" or merely as a conception functioning less fruitfully than the plastic view when each is considered merely as an *als ob*. But since he is chiefly concerned with art or with life-considered-as-an-art, and since in the realm of art the distinction between a "truth of reference" and a fruitful *als ob* inevitably disappears, this defect is not of great importance. Indeed the disappearance of this distinction is exactly the thing which differentiates art from life, and though the present book is only a prolegomenon it is easy to see that Mr. Lewis's line of thought must eventuate in a plea for the absolute and formal virtues of a "classical" literature, painting, or sculpture.

May it not indeed be said that the entire contemporary renaissance of interest in "form" is the result of a longing for something outside of time which is closed and complete in itself—for something with a pattern in which each part is so joined to every other part that it returns upon itself instead of either leading on to something else or trailing off until it is lost in the dark boundless chaos? Romantic art had as one of its ideals a suggestive incompleteness, a deliberate imperfection intended to provoke rather than to satisfy and to suggest boundlessness rather than boundaries. The stories which it told are not stories with a beginning and an end but episodes, lifted almost at random, from an endless chronicle to which the imagination

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is led back again at the inconclusive conclusion and in which its thoughts and emotions as well as its events are left dangling. But the human mind wearies at length of expansion and inconclusion. It turns to art for the completeness and the perfection which it does not find in nature, and it discovers even in rigidity a certain peace. It asks of art a pattern, something which can be regarded as a whole in itself, and it does not object to the absence of that inclusion of opposites aimed at by the romantics if it can receive in exchange a sense of equilibrium existing within the limits which the work of art, detaching itself from the stream of life, sets up. And it is just this which a classic art supplies. It leads the imagination not into life and time but out of both into a world so frozen as to seem to be seen *sub specie aeternitatis* because it exists, each part locked together with each other part, within the confines of a frame and hence is as complete and changeless for us as life itself has been fancied to be in the mind of that God for whom all moments are one.

A Hero of the Jews

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

IN the long history of the Jews the supreme hero is Moses. Talk to the most cultivated and skeptical Jew of your acquaintance and if he is race-conscious he will thrill to that name. Moses led the Jews out of bondage and just failed to lead them into the promised land. Perhaps he would have succeeded had there not been an alarmist report from the majority of the committee sent ahead to report on the prospects and difficulties, only Caleb bringing a minority report that was optimistic. So the glory of leading the entry was reserved for Joshua.

It is not to either of these chieftains that Theodore Herzl is to be compared—the prophet of Zionism in modern days. What his biographer * claims for him is that "in the long page of Jewish history he stands with Ezra and Simon the Maccabee—the two peaceful restorers of the Jewish state." It is a proud enough claim.

A complete, authoritative, and readable story of the prophet of modern Zionism comes at an opportune time, since one of the results of the war that can be put down as favorable is the Balfour resolution and the commitment of the British Empire to carry out, on its political side, the Zionist dream.

It was with the political side—in the deep, human sense—that Herzl mainly concerned himself, for he played chess with the rulers of the world in behalf of an escape for a people that during his career went through direst agony. Mr. de Haas, his dear friend, associate, and spokesman, says that "among the Jews no other since the destruction of Jerusalem sought to achieve so great a result and accomplished so much toward his end." The idea of a spiritual center, a home for an age-long culture, which appeals to many, including Christian Zionists like myself, was not what came first with Herzl.

Nor had he sympathy with the financial Jews, like the Rothschilds, who looked upon him as too Jewish and wished to forget the past and put as little stress as might be on the racial line. This class in its culture was assimilating, becoming in thought and feeling German, English, or, a little later, American. Herzl believed that the Jewish question must be solved not by drift but by action. He made no claim that the Jews were better than other people, and no concession that they were worse. The theological "mission of Israel" was nothing to him. It was "the drum-beat that drowned out Dreyfus's plea of innocence" that shocked Herzl back to his origins. He had no Ghetto tradition to make him timid. He stood up audaciously and "took the sting out of the term Jew." We know the difference in America between the Jew who regrets the word and the one who takes it to his soul.

Max Nordau one day at breakfast said to Herzl: "Were I a believer, and did I ordinarily use mystical phrases, I should say your appearance in these critical days of Jewish history is the work of Providence." In the crisis of 1895 and 1896 hope was at its lowest ebb. So harried were the Jews in Russia, Poland, and Rumania that migration was forced. Countries further west were anti-Semitic openly although less violently. The gates of America were beginning to close. At first Herzl sought only a Jewish state, anywhere, as an escape from horrors; later he became convinced that no place but Palestine would do. Palestine, as his imagination pictured it forth for the days to come, was a large area from Kantara to Beirut, from Jaffa to Hamann, with historic landmarks as jewels in a world evolved by modern machinery and science; a Nile canalized to make fruitful the Sinai desert; the Litani River joined to the Kishon so that both could water the plain of Esdraelon; the Jordan raised to irrigate the dry southland; tall chimneys and chemical works; industrial agriculture; the whole Near East a thriving center, with Palestine and its modern harbor forming a littoral. To his mind the Ghetto was a thing created artificially by the slow process of hostile law, and the normal direction was as pictured by his dream. He needed to do many things; his two greatest triumphs were his burning message to the suffering masses and his negotiations as an equal with Turkey, Russia, Britain, Italy, and Austria.

He who was to lead the despairing and also to make use of potentates had need of an imperial nature. At the Congress of Uganda, in which Herzl presented, coming from Joseph Chamberlain, the first offer of the British government of land for colonization in East Africa, the site to be determined, there were 295 votes for Herzl, 177 against acceptance. The 177, who were for Zion or nothing, withdrew in protest to a smaller hall where they debated, wept, and gesticulated. At ten o'clock, after four hours, they were on the verge of hysteria. Men were beginning to sit on the floor and in the orthodox traditional manner to mourn for a Zion that was dead.

When word of this hysteria reached Herzl at his hotel he rushed to the building and found that the dissenters had locked themselves in. He shouted his name, pounded until the door opened, strode dramatically through the delegates, and said:

> I found a world that had placed us in a false position. We Jews were condemned, despised, an untolerated minority. I was born in that environment; so were my children. I have imposed my personality on the world in order to change that environment for myself, my children, and all those who will go with me. I have not changed and I shall not change. I see a way to victory. It is a roundabout way to Zion, but it will lead there, because I am deter-

* "Theodore Herzl. A Biographical Study." By Jacob de Haas. Two volumes. Brentano's. $10.

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mined. I ask no man who cannot in good conscience follow me to go with me. I started alone and I can start again single-handed.

At two in the morning the opposition yielded, without terms or conditions.

A great story means some happening which is full of action and meaning, a hero who shines with power and character, and somebody who can tell about it all. Here we have all the elements. It is a tale filled with grandeur. Mr. de Haas stood on the right hand of the hero, and he has told the moving story as it should be told. He it was who closed the leader's eyes. Then he slipped into the garden and wept.

Second Advent

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

At the bottom of a gulf of walls whose windows fire no life,
Where the sun falls but once a year, where strife

Of wheels goes on day after night, I saw again,
In the close darkness cowering, three ancient men.

One bore a broken biscuit-tin and one a bandbox and
The third had a dirty birdcage clasped closely in his hand.

They had halted for a moment; soon they were again to go
Stumbling on felt-wrapped feet across the unshaken snow.

One said, "It was not in Bethlehem that he was,"
"Nor in New York neither," muttered the second, frowning under his brows.

"It was not in Park Lane that they laid him," said the third;
"But it was in Paris that they took from me my shining golden bird."

Said the second, pointing to his bandbox, "This thurible once held
Incense for him but the gas of the trenches dispelled

It out upon the landscape." Said the first,
"Myrrh was within my metal ere it burst."

"But not on seas of flaming oil nor in jerry-built mudwalled lands
Shall the Son of Man rise in glory to take these gifts from Man's hands."

At the bottom of a gulf of walls whose windows were thick with dust,
I left them muttering lonely; they were sharing their last crust;

Soon to rise up and totter to felt-wrapped feet again,
And wearily wander onwards through the wan night upon the plain.

First Glance

CARL SANDBURG'S "The American Songbag" (Harcourt, Brace: $7.50) is a collection of tunes and words if you like, or if you like it is something more. I choose to agree with Mr. Sandburg, who insists that it is a contribution to American history. It is so, I think, in an entirely serious sense. "It will give," says Mr. Sandburg, speaking of the ideal book to which his is an approach, "the feel and atmosphere, the layout and lingo, of regions, of breeds of men, of customs and slogans, in a manner and an air not given in regular history [which is] to be read and not sung. And besides, such a history would require that the student sing his way through most of the chapters." Well, why not sing the history of America? Americans have always sung, and they have sung differently in different generations—though I suspect that the generations have been more alike in this respect than first appears, and that in the conservatism of song we have one of the best aids toward an understanding of the fundamental American character, if there is any such thing. Any person knows ten times more songs than he ever realizes until such a book as this, or such a man as Mr. Sandburg met in the flesh and set talking, unlocks the treasure. Then he is likely to discover that his life is not at all the strictly, thinly contemporaneous thing he ordinarily assumes it to be. He finds national and racial memories lurking in the deeper portions of his mind, lying in wait down there to betray his reason and give him the feeling of being not thirty or forty but a hundred years old. This must be a good thing.

Mr. Sandburg went over the country and collected these songs for the same reason that he wrote his biography of Lincoln: because he wanted desperately to get at the heart of a people, and because he did not feel that contemporary American poetry—even his own poetry, perhaps—was getting at it for him. There is significance in his quoting from Amiel a complaint that modern poetry "lacks feeling, seriousness, sincerity, and pathos." Surely it was in search of these qualities that he went to our folk poetry and our folk music, spending years in the North, in the South, in the East, in the West, talking to people high and low, sitting up all night with singers he had stumbled upon and did not want to lose, transcribing the tunes, jotting down the words. And now in the end he gives us several hundred songs, many of them never printed before and all of them introduced with characteristic, highly colored words bespeaking their editor's ceaseless enthusiasm. The Negro, the pioneer, the Irish immigrant, the Southern mountaineer, the Great Lakes bargeman, the jailbird, the hobo, the section hand, the lumberjack, the soldier, the sentimentalist, the college student yelling his "darn fool ditties"—these and more than these are here, singing in many cases songs we once had heard but never expected to see in a book.

Sigmund Spaeth, successful with "Read 'Em and Weep" last season, comes out with a sequel called "Weep Some More, My Lady" (Doubleday, Page: $4) in which he collects further valuable specimens of the old-fashioned popular song. He admits in his preface that he "is less inclined to ridicule" than he was when he began the research. Hence the greater usefulness of his annotations now. His two books should stand with Mr. Sandburg's on the shelves of anyone who pretends to be interested in the people of the United States.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Actor-Preacher

Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait. By Paxton Hibben. George H. Doran Company. $5.

MR. PAXTON HIBBEN'S brilliant study of Beecher is the picture of a powerfully emotional actor who got into the pulpit of a church by mistake. The mistake was one of environment. In old Lyman Beecher's household everybody, including the small children, agonized over soul salvation, wept and prayed, and thought of God as one might think of a rather cranky and cruel police magistrate. Hell-fire was as real to all of them as the red-hot coals in the grate.

And so from this chrysalis of childhood a preacher instead of an actor emerged. Imagine Edwin Booth entangled in such topics as Blood of the Lamb, sanctification by grace, and the more austere portions of the Puritan credo—and you have Henry Ward Beecher. But he was not all Edwin Booth, for Booth—like a true tragedian—was always lofty and tragic. Not so with Beecher. At times his mirth was unseemly; an analysis reveals a substratum of the humorous qualities of DeWolf Hopper, and more than a trace of Billy Sunday and Elmer Gantry.

Mr. Hibben has shown the pathetic strain that ran through Beecher's enormous success. He was always trying unconsciously to break the intangible bonds that held him to his strait-laced career. In building Plymouth Church he discarded the pulpit entirely and erected a stage to take its place; a stage that ran like a tongue down through the auditorium so that he might be seen from all sides. And probably it was his subconscious itch for the forbidden footlights that made this born play-actor stand on his own stage and flame out against the theater. "It is notorious," he declared, "that the theater is the door to all the sinks of iniquity. . . . Half the victims of the gallows and the penitentiary will tell you that these schools for morals were to them the gate of debauchery."

Consecrated to moral purity as he was, he could not keep his mind away from girls. He called a female Bible class his "bevy of girls." In this pious garland of beauty there was one he called his "handsomest" girl; another was his "dearest" girl; and another was his "girl with the sweetest disposition." Such a man is bound to get bogged up to the neck in girl-trouble eventually—and that is what happened to Henry Ward Beecher.

The reverberating scandal in which Beecher was involved with Mrs. Tilton and her husband is set down by Mr. Hibben with consummate literary skill. His understanding of personality and motives is clear; his judgment is penetrating; his facts are convincingly presented, and he does not allow himself to become heavy-handed. Yet there is to my mind one flaw in this clarity of judgment. I do not think that Mr. Hibben has a real perception of Tilton's character. He makes Tilton out as a sort of saintly cuckold, when it was common knowledge that Tilton had neglected his wife for inamoratas of his own.

The fact that Beecher managed to extricate himself, in a measure, from this brazen Beecher-Tilton triangle is an evidence of his personal force and popularity. He seems clearly to have been guilty of adultery, yet the jury disagreed. John Bigelow said: "The amount of Beecher's innocence must be uncommonly great if one may judge by the time and trouble it takes to prove it." Bigelow voiced the cynical opinion of his well-informed contemporaries. Notwithstanding this, when Beecher went back to the crowded and enthusiastic Plymouth congregation he was given an ovation.

He always found a seat in the bandwagon of any popular movement if he could catch it in time, but his native shrewdness kept him from entering the vehicle until it was well on its way —and followed by cheering crowds. In the early Abolition days he was opposed to any agitation against slavery and thought William Lloyd Garrison a bad and dangerous man. But before it was all over he was in the front of the Abolition movement, with the spotlight falling on his powerful, sensual face.

He came very near missing the Lincoln bandwagon. When the Illinois railsplitter was a candidate for President, Beecher said that Lincoln was an "unshapely man," born low, without education or refinement, and wholly incapable of being the head of a nation. Later, in the disastrous first year of the war, he went around with an I-told-you-so air and declared that Lincoln had not a spark of genius or an element of leadership. Then the Northern armies began to win; and when Congress adopted the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution Beecher had caught up with the procession. A little breathless, it must be said, but he was there, nevertheless. Lincoln appeared at a window of the White House to receive the applause of the populace on the adoption of the amendment, and Beecher stood by his side, bowing and smiling. No doubt the common herd thought Beecher had assisted largely in the great work.

I have gained the impression from Mr. Hibben's book that the foundation of Beecher's success was laid by admiring women. This does not mean that he lacked capacity. He was an orator of immense power, a man of magnetism and emotion, the equal—perhaps—of Patrick Henry in the art of influencing men and women by spoken words.

His difficulty, and his tragedy, seems to be that he spent his life trying to be moral and a Christian, when in fact he was by nature simply an amorous, shrewd, convincing male go-getter.

Mr. Hibben has written a great biography, and one of lasting value. It is not merely interesting; it is profound. But its historical scholarship does not lie like a leaden weight on the book, for Hibben's style is graceful and delicate, sometimes almost gay. He is so saturated with Beecher knowledge that he writes without effort. In reading it one feels that Paxton Hibben understands Beecher better than anybody else has ever understood him, and that his book is a permanent contribution to American history.

W. E. WOODWARD

A Distinguished Editor

Life, Journalism, and Politics. By J. A. Spender. Frederick A. Stokes. Two volumes. $10.

THESE two volumes are written in an easier vein than was the grave treatise upon "Public Life" which Mr. Spender gave us a couple of years ago. The autobiographical chapters show a most engaging personality, with various interests and enthusiasms and a capacity for securing the friendship and confidence of all sorts of people that proved of immeasurable value for the life of journalism into which Mr. Spender naturally flowed after leaving Oxford. He came, as he tells us, of a writing family, and the impulse to write was coupled, as is not always the case, with a marked ability for clear and forcible expression. His great work lay in the editorship for many years of the evening paper the *Westminster Gazette*, which held a unique position of influence in the formation of liberal opinion and policy during the later nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries.

Indeed, for many readers the chief interest of this book lies in the revelation of the close relations between the higher journalism and practical statecraft. The *Westminster* stood for "heavy politics" addressed to "the serious reader," and though this attitude precluded both profits and a large circulation, it "paid" in the higher sense of that term. For Mr. Spender's candid account of his personal relations with the political chiefs, and with the great diplomatists and administrators, shows not merely that he was privy to all the important moves of interior politics but that his judgment counted heavily in their counsels. This, however, was due not chiefly to the power of the press, always recognized by modern politicians, but to the wisdom, discretion, and acute judgment of the editor's personality. There are probably only two other journalists of the age who have played so influential a part. How seldom it is possible to keep journalism on so high a level we realize

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when we learn that, during the thirty years of its life as an evening journal the *Westminster* lost about half a million pounds. What could be expected when it added to its serious politics columns for the competitive translation of English poetry into Latin and Greek!

When we turn to Mr. Spender's political positions and principles, we are caught at once by his frank acceptance of the epithet "smoother" applied to him in criticism by the full-blooded radicals of his time. He honestly believed that the Liberal Party, and the continuation of its historic function of gradual reforms, was of such paramount importance that every effort must be made to preserve its unity, and this at a time when imperialism threatened to disrupt the party on an issue of the first magnitude. Thus he gave a discriminate support to the Boer War, though he was critical of the aggressive policy it expressed, because the "insolent ultimatum" of Kruger left us no option. He was largely instrumental in healing the break, so that after the Liberal victory in 1905 the two sections of his party sat amicably together in Campbell-Bannerman's Government. But new difficulties arose, partly of policy but mainly of temperament, and writing of "the men of 1906" Mr. Spender observes that "the clash between him [Lloyd George] and Asquith seems to have been inevitable from the beginning." It was the difference between a bold opportunist plunger and a "wait-and-see" man, and through the next twenty years it was destined to weaken, divide, and even disrupt the Liberal party.

A good deal of the second volume is naturally concerned with the World War, and Spender tells some interesting stories of great soldiers, sailors, and statesmen. At a banquet given by the King at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of President Wilson's visit in 1918, "Wilson spoke for about half an hour without looking at a note, and never dropped a word or hesitated for a moment between one sentence and another. The King, talking afterwards to his guests, commented on the extraordinary accomplishment of this performance. 'But then,' he added modestly, 'I am no orator, which is perhaps a good thing for a constitutional ruler. My cousin, the German Emperor, was a great orator.'"

In a chapter on War Guilt he makes the interesting premise: "The truth is that in the world in which we were brought up the crime was not to make war but to make it unsuccessfully, and so it had been from the beginning of time." Brushing aside, not as irrelevant but as of secondary importance in determining British participation, the invasion of Belgium and other incidents and atrocities, Mr. Spender states, in language strictly accurate, the real attitude of English leaders of the older parties "that, if Germany had been incontestably in the right and her conduct in the war irreproachable, the reasons compelling this country to take sides against her would have been just as strong, and its position just as perilous if it had failed to do so, as on the contrary assumption. Whatever the issue on which she fought, a victorious Germany, in possession of Belgium and the Channel ports and commanding all the fleets of Europe, must have been a deadly menace to the British Empire, and according to the accepted principles of power-politics she would have been entitled to assert her supremacy over it in any way she chose."

Can any statement of "power-politics" be more damning than this? But true as this diagnosis is, it does not go deep enough into the roots of "power-politics." In foreign affairs Mr. Spender never seems to have discovered the determinant part played by economic interests, especially in that imperialism which breeds little and great wars. The Boer War was not a struggle between a benighted Krugerism and an enlightened Rhodes-and-Milnerism. It was first and chiefly a conflict carefully matured by business men bent on mining gains. So, too, deeper analysis will disclose the World War as caused by lusts and ambitions more economic than political. Mr. Spender does not grasp the large element of truth in the doctrine of the economic determination of history. His statecraft condemns the very existence of a Labor Party, as if it introduced some irrelevant and tainting influence into pure politics. Though personally sympathetic with many causes of "social reforms," he does not appear to appreciate the inherent injustices of our economic system in its bearing on the income, work, and life of the laboring classes, or the large part which the state must necessarily be called upon to play in redressing these grievances. This obliquity of vision he shares with the other leaders of the party of whose principles and policy he is so able an exponent.

J. A. Hobson

Thoreau

Henry Thoreau: the Cosmic Yankee. By J. Brooks Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Walden. Illustrated with Wood Cuts by E. F. Daglish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $8.

The Moon. By Henry D. Thoreau. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. Edited by Odell Shepard. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THE most important question about these books is not what we think about them but what Thoreau himself would have thought of them. As to that one can only speculate, of course; but, like all speculation about Thoreau, it is quite fascinating. He would have enjoyed "The Cosmic Yankee" chiefly, perhaps, for what it does not say about him; one doubts whether he would have recognized his homely features in more than a score or so of its pages. And yet Mr. Atkinson has written as well on Thoreau as almost anyone could write. The trouble is that the peculiar aged-in-the-wood flavor remains, despite all the efforts of the critics, in his pages and must be enjoyed there and there alone—who, for example, wants to read about Pepys? This "Walden" and this first edition of "The Moon," I am positive, would have stirred Thoreau's Yankee choler—if the value of a man is not in his skin that you should touch him, how about the value of a book? What an ironical commentary these two over-elaborate, excessively expensive "collectors' items" are upon the reception granted the works that were actually published while Thoreau lived! Nauseated at the sight of these costly "items," I turn to that passage in the "Journal" where Thoreau recounts how he toted upstairs on his back the 700-odd copies of "A Week," which, published at his own expense, had sold only some 200 copies in two years; then, sitting down and contemplating this huge total of his "works," he wrote perhaps the noblest passage that ever came from his pen: "Nevertheless, in spite of this result, sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen tonight to record what thought or experience I may have had, with as much satisfaction as ever."

One can well afford, then, to overlook the first three volumes; but, blase and sophisticated moderns, if you would read a *book*, buy "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals." For in it, carefully culled by the loving and yet critical hand of Mr. Shepard, are to be found the choicest fruits of Thoreau; and they have a tang and a tartness that make the finest plums of our contemporary devotees of the pungent phrase and the peppery epigram seem flat and insipid. It is sometimes said that the surest test of a book is whether, having finished it, one wishes to read it again; but an even better test is whether the reader involuntarily pauses, leaps up, and darts around to find someone to whom certain passages *must* be read immediately. Since criticism is inevitably a personal matter, I confess that, on reading this epitome of Thoreau, I frequently halted and, there being nobody handy to read to, bounded from my chair and stalked about the room literally yelling certain lines aloud—for, like Thoreau, I feared "only lest my expression might not be extravagant enough."

For he must be read and reread, and then read again. There is little new to be said about him—indeed, there never was—and if one makes the attempt one is likely to discover that Thoreau himself has already said it and in a far better

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way. No writer ever knew his own strength and weakness better—dozens of passages might be cited to illustrate the point. For more than anything else—"a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot"—he was primarily a writer and he knew it. "My work is writing. . . . I know that no subject is too trivial for me . . . the theme is nothing, the life is everything. All that interests the reader is the depth and intensity of the life excited." And no writer ever wrote more wisely about the art of writing. "Nothing goes by luck in composition. . . . Every sentence is the result of a long probation." From hundreds of passages—"kinked and knotted up into something hard and significant"—which I have marked I give these few. "My Aunt Maria asked me to read the life of Dr. Chalmers, which, however, I did not promise to do. Yesterday, Sunday, she was heard through the partition shouting to my Aunt Jane, who is deaf: 'Think of it! He stood half an hour today to hear the frogs croak, and he wouldn't read the life of Chalmers.'" "How earthly old people become—moldy as the grave! Their wisdom smacks of the earth. There is no foretaste of immortality in it. They remind me of earthworms and mole crickets." "I doubt if Emerson could trundle a wheelbarrow through the streets, because it would be out of character." "One never knows his neighbors till he has carried a subscription paper among them." "Most were not aware of the size of the great elm till it was cut down." "A truly good book is something as wildly natural and primitive, mysterious and marvelous, ambrosial and fertile as a fungus or a lichen." This is such a book.

R. F. DIBBLE

By Their Fruits

My Eighty Years. By Charles F. Dole. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

HERE is a survivor of what has been discovered to be the most ignorant, the most insincere, the most vapid, the most ridiculous, the most altogether useless period in human history—the Victorian Age. Mr. Dole flourished through "the dreadful decade," the seventies, "the mauve decade" running from the eighties into the "gay nineties," and the whole inane period of "our times" now being so absurdly memorialized by Mark Sullivan. Born and reared in a Puritan family of the strictest type, he never underwent the liberating experience of "self-expression." Married in 1873, with no preliminary and precautionary "companionate" relationship, he has lived with one woman for fifty-four years, with not a single "affair" to vary and enliven the drab monotony of such an existence. Never claiming or even imagining a "right to happiness," he has plodded along through all these eighty years in the simple pursuit of duty. "I can scarcely remember a time," he writes, "when righteousness of conduct—that is, an ideal of duty, obligation, faithfulness, responsibility to do my share in whatever had to be done—was not in my mind." He does not smoke or drink; he has been for half a century an ardent reformer, and is still a professional preacher of religion; he has broken none of the Ten Commandments, reveres the Golden Rule, worships God as the universal Good-Will, and believes in service as the rule of love. What a life!

Yes—*what a life!* How many of our smug sophisticates will be able to match it, in terms even of their own standards of joyful living, when they come to tell the tale of their eighty years? And how many in that eighth decade will have reaped a harvest of

> . . . that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends

which will begin to match that gathered and stored away by this good man?

Mr. Dole's book is a simple, guileless, genial confession of his works and days—boyhood in a typical New England home and town, study at Harvard College and Andover Seminary, a brief period of teaching and "drifting," a three years' pastorate in Portland, Maine, a forty years' pastorate in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, marriage, children, happy vacation months in Maine, foreign travel, books, public service, and now the quiet but still busy years of retirement. In and around this unexciting thread of narrative is woven the mellow philosophy and pure religion of the author, who is revealed, in spite of his own instinctive and ingratiating humility, as one of the wisest as well as the best of men. Here is a hard-headed Yankee, independent, even "sot," in his opinions, going his own free way in politics, religion, and social experience. Here on the other hand is a mystic who discovers the presence of a divine Good-Will in the world and feels himself bound in conscience to exemplify this good-will in his own conduct. The result is that rarest of combinations—a bold, free-thinking, rigorously conscientious nonconformist who is at the same time tolerant, sympathetic, tenderhearted, companionable, and forever kind. Mr. Dole has seldom been able or willing to get along with institutions or organized partisan groups. In politics, "beginning as a party man, . . . [he has] been fairly compelled to be an Independent." In religion he has had little reverence even for so liberal a church as the Unitarian. But he has always been able to get along with men. No force or compulsion or hatred here; only the sweet persuasions of intelligence and sympathetic understanding! War is impossible, "unholy," to Mr. Dole, primarily because it is an infraction of the law of love one for another. All his life he has practiced "the spirit of the Golden Rule," and thus has stirred easily in other hearts the love within his own.

It is not difficult to imagine what Mr. Dole thinks of this mechanistic, imperialistic, vulgar, self-assertive world. Not even such a spectacle, however, can disturb his serenity, dim his faith, or embitter his good humor. And why should it? For this man has discovered the magic of good-will, can wait, as God waits, for other and weaker men to make the same discovery. Charles F. Dole is a saint. He will feel at home and enjoy congenial company when he gets to heaven.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Case of Floyd Dell and Others

An Unmarried Father. By Floyd Dell. George H. Doran Company. $2.

FLOYD DELL presents the curious spectacle of a novelist who understands his characters altogether too well for their health as fictional beings, and incidentally for his own health as an artist. Add to this misfortune a natural fluency of expression, a hand dexterous at plot-steering, and a mind shrewdly informed on all aspects of what the literary critics call life and the scientists divide into biology, psychology, and sociology—and it is apparent at once how handicapped Mr. Dell is as an artist, however useful these things may be to him in other respects. For it seems to me that it is an essential convention of art to pretend that life is mysterious and unintelligible—meaningful, but never clear. The artist is a Peeping Tom who feeds his fancy with fleeting glimpses of life caught through the aperture of a narrow vision. He must not permit himself to know too much. If he is ignorant—so much the better. If he is unfortunate enough to have become infected with knowledge, he must hide it as best he can. At all costs he must remain superficial. He must have faith in the appearance of things, without asking for explanations. Therein lies his salvation. For the surfaces of life, the phenomena of things are eternal—the explanation varies from age to age.

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worthy of their intelligent progenitor instead of drifting about like irresponsible artistic creations.

This, of course, does not prevent "An Unmarried Father" from being an original and absorbing book. Amusing, too, though here again Mr. Dell is too sensible to be provoked into laughing outright at his hero's plight and exploiting the inherent comedy of the situation he has conjured up. And if it is a problem novel, never was a problem so delightfully presented. It is a book that the Elizabeth Ann League would do well to circulate in conjunction with "The President's Daughter." Mr. Dell takes the pathetic plight of the Unmarried Mother, inverts the situation by a cleverly arranged chain of plausible events, and you have an Unmarried Father. Here for the first time is a painting entitled Bachelor and Child, done in the reverent tradition of the Madonna and Child. It is the unscrupulous woman-in-the-case (alias man-in-the-case) who, confronted with the result of her folly, deserts it for the sake of her career; whereas the hapless bachelor is hard put to it to remember that he is a male and keep from yielding to his natural instincts and becoming a wet-nurse. The spectacle of the deserted bachelor adrift in the world, with the child in his arms, is good farce; but Mr. Dell's mien throughout is so serious and earnest that one is not quite sure whether it is good form to laugh. And whereas the happy ending of the tale, when the parents are unexpectedly reunited, might bring some other novelist under suspicion, in Mr. Dell's case one merely feels that he is a conscientious psychological surgeon who will not let his patients undergo any more pain than his fictional operation warrants.

Somewhere in his novels every novelist has a character who is his intellectual deputy on the scene. Dr. Martha Zerneke, the sympathetic but business-like obstetrician in whose hospital the unnatural mother is confined, is Mr. Dell's character-at-large. One has a feeling that he sees life through her eyes and handles it through her deft, aseptic fingers. His vision is of a sane, sanitary, well-lighted world, swept by reason and knowledge, in which there are no dark corners where ignorance might breed disease—a world in which sex and the other secretions and excretions of life, far from being tabooed, are so intellectually sterilized that they can be handled freely, without distaste, like specimens in a laboratory. Such a world is not without a certain beauty—to an artist who can keep from understanding it, and see amber-colored tubes instead of diabetic symptoms.

ALTER BRODY

The Father of Footnotes

The Greville Diary. Including Passages Hitherto Withheld from Publication. Edited by Philip Whitwell Wilson. Doubleday, Page and Company. Two volumes. $10.

WHEN Charles Greville came of age he had no visible means of support. But his social standing was of the best and a ducal grandfather generously provided him with an income at the public expense. Two offices were found for him, one the Secretaryship of Jamaica, a complete sinecure. The other was the Clerkship of the Privy Council, a position to which were attached some slight duties. It was a bad piece of jobbery but the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and we of a later generation have reason to be thankful that the taxpayers most unjustly provided Greville with the leisure to write his incomparable diary.

Nobody could have been better placed to observe the political and social events of the age. His family connections and his official position brought him into contact with everyone that mattered. Recognized as a man of talent and wide information, he wielded considerable influence behind the scenes. Prime Ministers consulted him and intrusted him with delicate negotiations with newspapers; great ladies confided in him. Into his journal went everything he saw and heard—political and diplomatic secrets, court gossip, society scandal, notes on men and manners at home and abroad.

In his later years, contemplating the many volumes he was leaving to posterity, Greville censored many entries "that I may not needlessly do mischief." But Henry Reeve, his colleague and literary executor, considered it necessary to suppress a great deal more. Even then the diary caused a great sensation when it was published in 1874. The Queen was extremely vexed. She wrote indignantly of "the *dreadful indiscretion* and DISGRACEFULLY *bad taste* of Mr. Reeve" in publishing this "scurrillous journal without eliminating what is very offensive and most disloyal towards the sovereigns he served."

This new edition of the diary is the result of the recent discovery of the pages suppressed by Reeve. Mr. P. W. Wilson in his task as editor was evidently faced with a dilemma. He wanted to produce a readable volume, unburdened by footnotes, without omitting any interesting material. A complete reprint of the diary as it stood would have been an enormous work chiefly valuable to students. One day's entry often covers half-a-dozen unrelated subjects, and the only order is thus a chronological one. Moreover Greville often heard only part of a story. Further details would be forthcoming months or perhaps years later. Mr. Wilson has therefore rearranged the diary in chapters according to subjects, joining the Greville jottings together with brief explanatory sentences of his own. The outcome of this very arduous piece of editing is on the whole eminently satisfactory, except where, in his attempts to be popular, Philip Whitwell Wilson the historian is overshadowed by P. W. Wilson the journalist. Some of his interpolations, for instance, are rather cheaply topical. His comment: "The Cato Street Conspiracy was what has since come to be called direct action" is wholly unnecessary and historically inaccurate.

Mr. Wilson only occasionally calls attention to entries previously suppressed, but one can make fairly accurate guesses at the passages on which Reeve's blue pencil fell. The young Queen is described as "an obstinate girl who takes fancies into her head and loves to have her own way." Lytton Strachey has emphasized Victoria's obstinacy but he also pictured her as completely under the sway of her husband in the latter part of her life. Greville, quoting Baron Stockmar, tells another story: "The Prince was completely cowed and the Queen is so excitable that the Prince lived in terror of bringing on the hereditary malady and dreaded saying or doing anything that might have a tendency to produce this effect."

There is much more in the diary of an equally unflattering nature about England's great and good Queen, but it was her uncles for whom Greville reserved his most stinging criticisms. Summing up on George IV, he writes: "There have been good and wise kings but not many of them. Take them one with another they are of inferior character, and this I believe to be one of the worst of the kind. The littleness of his character prevents his displaying the dangerous faults that belongs to great minds, but with vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished."

Greville had no more illusions about his own class than he had about royalty. He was too near a witness of their crimes, follies, and stupidities, accounts of which fill many pages of his journal. Yet he remained the complete patrician and his attitude toward "the lesser breeds" is amusingly demonstrated by his patronizing description of the American Minister in London in 1829. "Maclane is a sensible man with very good *American manners*, which are not refined." (My italics.)

His comments on the increasing demands of the working-classes are equally typical. Occasionally eloquent over their sufferings, he was more often aghast at their pretensions. "Universal suffrage," he wrote contemptuously of the Chartist program in 1849, "is to pick out the men fit to frame new constitutions and when the delegates thus chosen have been brought together—no matter how ignorant, how stupid, how in every way unfit they may be—they expect to be allowed . . . to break up at their caprice and pleasure all the ancient foundations, and tear down the landmarks of society; and this havoc,

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and ruin, and madness are dignified with the fine name of constitutional reform."

It seems unnecessary to continue quoting one of the most quoted books in the world. Greville might almost be called the father of footnotes, for every historian of his period, every biographer of men of his time, refers to him again and again. His diary is an indispensable sourcebook. At the same time the layman who picks up this attractive new edition and opens it at random can always be certain of rich entertainment.

KEITH HUTCHISON

"Our Times"

Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Vol. I: *The Turn of the Century.* Vol. II: *America Finding Itself.* Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 each.

THE appraisal of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" turns upon the author's success in making contemporary history interesting. The first volume showed at once that the whole work is not intended to fill the role of formally written history, even for its period. History professionally written would not employ a method and a manner of statement so plastic; it would give more formality to its narrative and would comprehend a wider range of source materials. Moreover, it would be likely to select and assess a more restricted area of events for record and comment. But the first volume was written in a form so refreshingly personal and original that the reader looked forward to a modern American diary covering the first quarter of the twentieth century, always with an eye single to matters of public interest and importance. Well removed from academic organization and perspective, the book is a highly readable report of matured journalistic observation, practicing well what Macaulay preached when he maintained that history should portray, among other things, religious sects, changes in literary taste, manners, dress, repasts, public amusements, and similar social phenomena.

The new volume brings the record down to 1905, and everywhere in the twenty-eight chapters the author is led forward by his interest in finding the American mind. Were he writing a philosophical treatise he would be able, no doubt, to use the same materials to discover how the American mind is made. Twelve chapters are wisely employed to describe the influences that gave its patriotic bent to the American temper during the earlier century and entered positively into the making of the nation's leadership as late as the turn of that century. These influences were the subjects taught in the common schools. Foremost of all, perhaps, was the McGuffey series of readers, which Mr. Sullivan discovered, by means of a wide investigation, to be still cherished with affection by many survivors of the rural school era. The games of the schoolyards, the community singing and dancing, and the elocutionary instruction of the time helped to create a nation-wide social solidarity. The influence of the common schools was everywhere democratic. Mr. Sullivan thinks that its critics have not always been fair.

Typical of the criticism of the nineteenth-century common school was the conviction of Henry Adams that the education of the "American boy of 1854 stood nearer the year 1 than the year 1900," and that for the later period "he had no education at all." Mr. Sullivan points out that Adams could appraise the needs of the twentieth century after it arrived. His teachers could not do this. We may not expect teachers to be prophets or demand that they educate pupils for conditions not yet in sight. Probably many of the present generation, with a different vision of the school, would contend for a different view of the teacher's obligation. Historically, the school system has been more conservative than industry and certain of the professions, though less so than the religious establishment. During much of the last century it was content to follow traditional instruction, even in the midst of obviously changing conditions. Professional teachers may reasonably be expected to introduce their pupils to the major contemporary tendencies by providing a range of knowledge sufficiently wide to make adjustment easier to opportunities both present and ahead. Mr. Sullivan, however, would indorse Henry Adams's main conclusion; as a historian, he limits his purpose to a survey of education as it was actually given.

The larger part of this volume contains a vivid résumé of those years of the 1890's which witnessed the growing irritation of the public mind over the labor question and the rapid stimulation of big business. An account of Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe," and of its inspiration by Millet's painting, furnishes an attractive introduction to this mood of the times. The poem was symptomatic, perhaps, of industrial labor's insurgency as well as of the appearance of Bryan and Roosevelt as the more prominent champions of social and political reform. The poem became the incentive of numerous editorials and university lectures on the ominous capitalistic development of the day. It was called the "cry of the Zeitgeist," as timely as Hood's "The Song of the Shirt." Politicians divided into two antagonistic groups over the outstanding economic question before the public—whether business should follow its spirit of enterprise upon the comfortable theory of laissez faire, as the "barons" of the day presumed, or submit to some form of government regulation. The problem was complex. It involved the Standard Oil Company, railroad mergers, sugar refineries, the packers, pure food, and coal strikes. A new economic vocabulary came into vogue. The Senate was the storm center of the controversy precipitated by President Roosevelt as leader of a new program for democracy.

The suggestion of government interference in capitalized industry was not novel. The author gives the highly interesting bit of information that in 1842, when the country had but 2,000 miles of railroad, Governor Seward of New York advised the legislature to consider supervision of the roads of the State respecting "accommodations afforded the public, the fares received, the profits realized," and urged continuance of the charter policy which stipulated the right of the State to take over the railroads when deemed necessary. From 1887 the Interstate Commerce Commission existed, but with less power than later on. The story of Roosevelt's policies, the genesis of the trust and its expansion upon the Dodd model, Carnegie's disdain of cooperation, and the President's final success in the Northern Securities case and the coal strike are reminders of perplexing problems peculiar to the turn of the century which Mr. Sullivan surveys so admirably.

The volumes of "Our Times" will be read by many men with pleasure, and then placed among their most highly valued books of reference.

LUTHER E. ROBINSON

The Primitive State

The Origin of the State. By R. H. Lowie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

IT would be insolent in one who is not an anthropologist to praise Professor Lowie's book. Hence, therefore, I will only say that his expressed hope that it will be useful to students in related fields receives an ample fulfilment in the case at least of one reader. I have found it extraordinarily suggestive, and, for the most part, it carries conviction to a soul as ignorant of the evidence as I. What Professor Lowie's fellow-anthropologists will have to say of his selection from the vast field of evidence I do not know; but if what he gives is a fair and random selection, the importance of his thesis is beyond all question.

It is, briefly, that the state is universal even though its form is not unilinear. There has always been a coercive organ exercising control over the inhabitants of a contiguous territorial area. That organ is superior to associations within the area, and it is the instrument by which the unification of the

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community is achieved. In a word, the answer to the question of the origin of the state is that it is born of sovereignty.

From that conclusion many consequences follow. It does much to fortify the Marxian theory of the state for which, in a special form, Dr. Franz Oppenheimer has so stoutly contended. It does much, also, to explain the hostility of Leviathan to voluntary associations. These are the natural enemies of the enforced unity it is seeking to impose; and we can then understand why the idea of freedom of association is so late in historical development. Professor Lowie makes the point that in early society associational development will not issue into a national state. Nor will it, we may add, in later. Its necessity and value in the modern time is that it prevents the over-exclusiveness of the unity for which the national state stands; and it permits the growth of organs of protest against the perversion of the state-purpose by its instruments. I could wish, indeed, that Professor Lowie had given us his reflections upon a theme which seems implicit in his essay.

The state, as I understand him (my ignorance may well have led me astray), is the outcome of a need to protect the territorial community against the excess of the individual or the group. The group, today, is necessary for the protection of the individual against the excess of the state. What, in primitive society, is the root of that excess? Is it the effort, as Dr. Oppenheimer thinks, of a class to exploit another for its benefit? Certainly, today, no analysis of the state is realistic which does not make this a major theme. The purpose of all groups and classes is the capture of the state for a purpose which coincides with an interest each seeks to promote. Baptists seek to capture the legislatures of the Middle West lest Darwinism lead the young to damnation. Wall Street seeks to capture (or to maintain as its prisoner) the Presidency lest its dominion be threatened. The K.K.K. seeks to hold the political citadel against such unholy forces as the Jews, the Catholics, and the Negroes. The struggle for power is clearly central in the political problem. Each seeks to obtain that, so to say, ultimate right to proclaim martial law which gives it victory over its enemies. In the modern state it holds the army and navy to that end. I cannot find in Professor Lowie's fascinating illustrations the primitive analogy to these instruments. But he convinces me (and I hope greatly will convince other students) that the light his science can cast on the problems we confront is profound and that the sooner we seek to grasp the central results of anthropological research, the better for their understanding.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Liberalism and Literature

Cities and Men. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

LIBERALISM is the fine art of falling between two stools. It is the yearning to have one's cake and eat it too. The liberal, seated in the center, between the reactionary on the right and the radical on the left, wastes his breath in futile protest against the authoritarianism of the first and the anarchy of the second. He does not believe in God, but he is no atheist. He thinks the French Revolution a significant event for the promotion of what he calls progress, but he deplores the Reign of Terror. He hates Napoleon, but he regrets his defeat by the Coalition. He is skeptical of revealed religion, but he is credulous of the dogmas of nineteenth-century science. Most liberals spend their lives wondering if now is not the moment to throw off all liberal pretense and go over to the extreme left.

In art and letters the liberal tends to seek refuge in the camp of romanticism. That is as it should be. Romanticism rejects tradition, and tradition, one of the props of reaction, is anathema to the liberal. Romanticism exalts the individual and denies the claims of authority, and the liberal is not only anti-authoritarian but egocentric. Romanticism despises reason and deifies instinct, and the liberal, who knows himself too mud-

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dle-headed to rely upon his reason, is happy to make instinct his ultimate authority.

Mr. Lewisohn is a liberal, but a particularly shrewd one. Desiring to deal telling blows at reaction and tradition, and being well aware of the weakness of the romantic's position, he builds himself a new platform from which to send his shot. This invention he calls the "autobiographical tradition" (it is hard to escape the word tradition), and into his ranks he shanghaies a body of poets and thinkers whose shades must protest vehemently at fighting under his flag. In the camp of "the autobiographical instinct, the Judeo-Christian, Protestant, Romantic and saving speech and protest of the free man" he has the effrontery to place Dante, Lucian, Augustine, Montaigne, and Goethe, beside such egolaters as Rousseau, Hazlitt, Shelley, and Whitman. They belong under his banner, we are told, because their works were "one long confession," they alone "looked in their hearts and wrote." When I say "they alone," I mean merely that Racine, Bossuet, Santayana, and La Bruyère (whom Mr. Lewisohn rejects) are presumed either to have no hearts or not to have looked into them. The distinction is a little bewildering (as are all liberal distinctions). Granted that Shelley and Montaigne both looked into their hearts, is there not a prodigious difference between the first, who mistook his heart for the universe, and the second, who observed man and the universe in the light of his reason and his heart? Can the wild-eyed, neurotic, blubbering Rousseau be placed in the same category with the serenely skeptical Goethe? Has not Goethe really more in common with that magnificent psychologist, La Bruyère, than with the undisciplined torrent called Whitman? Bossuet, who unhappily revered authority, wrote: "Dire *Je crois*, c'est plutot en nous un effort pour produire un si grand acte qu'une certitude absolue de l'avoir produit." Is this to look into one's heart, or not?

But the muddle of liberalism is an unending swamp. "What," asks Mr. Lewisohn, "is it to be classical but to have ease of form and to repeat the moral and intellectual patterns by which the state has found it easy to keep men in subjection in both peace and war?" And elsewhere he says: "Christendom means the great tradition of patriotism and war and victory." Which is a point of view. But how are we to reconcile it with the statement that romanticism—an anti-classical and anti-Christian phenomenon—"has been his [man's] undoing—romanticism that discovered the epics, the myths, the songs of the various nationalities, that, in fact, discovered those various nationalities, next identified them with race, next with certain territories, next with power and dominance. . . . The Continent is sodden with romanticism, with a false and virulent historical-mindedness." After this, one would not be surprised to hear Mr. Lewisohn extolling the Christian internationalism of the Middle Ages and pleading for a return to the temporal power of the Papacy.

In any man not a liberal it would be amazing to find a writer so fundamentally wrong in his ultimate concepts and so agreeable and penetratingly right in his estimate of individual instances. Mr. Lewisohn writes with unobtrusive scholarship and a certain charming suavity on a variety of subjects. His sympathies range over most of Europe. He keeps his temper cheerfully and humorously when such Tories as Saintsbury and Santayana are his subject. He communicates to us feelingly and informingly the sense of great and grave poetry in his essays on Rilke and Dehmel. The little chapter on Baudelaire is particularly intelligent, and the survey of Cocteau's verse (the first I have seen in English) is sensitive and just. His Unknown Poet is an act of Christian kindness of the sort we always intend to perform and never find time for. On Vienna, and on Catullus in Verona, he is fluid and graceful and tender. His restatement of the Heine case, his evaluation of Georg Brandes, and his introduction of Martin Buber will be read with the greatest interest. Mr. Lewisohn seems to me at his best in the realm of pure literature, and there he is all that we desire him to be.

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Sudermann

Der tolle Professor. Ein Roman aus der Bismarckzeit. Von Hermann Sudermann. Stuttgart und Berlin: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger.[1]

Hermann Sudermann. Sein Werk und sein Wesen. Von Kurt Busse. Stuttgart und Berlin: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger.

"DER tolle Professor," Hermann Sudermann's most recent and most sustained effort in the field of fiction since "Es War" and "Das hohe Lied," is essentially a political novel. In this chronicle of the tragic career of the Mad Professor of Königsberg Sudermann manifestly seeks to epitomize the decline of German liberalism during the Bismarckian era. In mood, individual characterization, and motivation the novel rests on the solid foundation of Sudermann's experience as a student in the university of Königsberg in 1875. Although veiled in a charitable anonymity not a few of its sharply etched portraits of university dignitaries, including that of the Mad Professor, are drawn from life and with sardonic veracity. In the face of a petulant school of criticism which persists after more than a generation in quavering a batrachian chorus against Sudermann and all his works, we venture to record here that the animating idea of "Der tolle Professor" has been conceived with sincerity and authority and that its dominant theme has been executed in the main with that vibrancy and verve of diction which distinguish a not inconsiderable portion of Sudermann's writings.

"Der tolle Professor" is an ambitious attempt to depict the confusion and despair which may engulf an individual of bold and independent habit of thought who finds himself at odds with the popular will during a period of social and political transition. Dr. Sieburth's deplorably indiscreet mode of life and his equivocal position on burning questions of the day contrive to bring about his ostracism from the circles of respectable academic society. And at this fateful moment in his career the Iron Chancellor becomes his special Nemesis. The popular triumph of Bismarck's imperial policies disturbs Sieburth profoundly. In his solitude he falls prey to a dangerous mood of indecision and self-analysis. His original skeptical attitude merges into a fatal relaxation of the will and an all-encompassing pessimism. He is caught in the grip of a cruel preoccupation with the problem of the multiplicity of the phases of truth. In the end his recognition of the instability of reason, of morality, and of the social order becomes an insidious mental disease which devours the very fiber of his mind and culminates in his self-destruction.

Kurt Busse's "Hermann Sudermann, Sein Werk und sein Wesen" is a refreshingly spirited and timely piece of literary criticism. The book is an unabashed "vindication" of Sudermann, but its argument is unusually convincing. In the creator of such dissimilar things as "Frau Sorge" and "Sodoms Ende," "Das hohe Lied" and "Litauische Geschichten" Busse professes to discern not a purveyor of prurient sensationalism but a conscientious artist and a sincere interpreter of modern life. Busse attacks the problem of a revaluation of Sudermann from the ethnological and geographical point of view. For him Sudermann is irrevocably the East Prussian, wilful and intellectually tough-fibered, sensual but self-controlled, intelligently practical and realistic rather than imaginative and poetic, the son of sturdy pioneering peasants and the child of wind-swept plains and marshes. The salient qualities of his personality are the factors which determine his literary style and his position in German letters. Busse is justified in terming Sudermann a continuator of the traditions of Spielhagen, Freytag, and Gottfried Keller rather than an exponent of the consequent naturalism of the nineties. His analysis of Suder-

[1] A translation of this novel under the title "The Mad Professor" will be published by Boni and Liveright in the spring.

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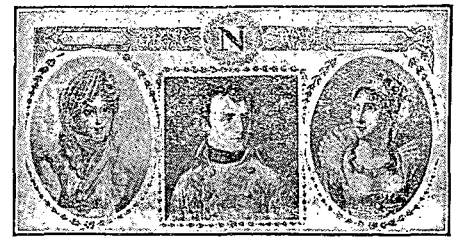

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mann's works from "Im Zwielicht" to "Der tolle Professor" is both sympathetic and penetrating. The appended biographical sketch and chronological list of Sudermann's writings add to the value of the volume. HENRY BRENNECKE

One Side of Heine

That Man Heine. A Biography. By Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company. $3.

ONE is tempted to believe that Mr. Browne chose this ugly title with a certain deliberation, as if to fit the mouth of a man who might say with justifiable and deprecatory emphasis: "Oh! that fellow, Heine!" Every crime of which the great lyricist and satirist was ever accused is accepted here as proved against him. He lusted, he lied, he bragged, he abused his friends, and he lacked bravery. That last charge in particular sticks in the craw of those who have sorrowed with the poet during his eight years on his "mattress grave," who have delighted in the wit he kept alert and the pen he kept so busy then and the tenderness with which he cared for the two women who, according to Mr. Browne, most plagued him during his life—the mother who would have made a millionaire of him in his youth and the wife who squandered every cent he earned before his death. Mr. Browne, in truth, does not love his Heine. But it is only fair to admit that he appreciates in full measure every side of his work and every phase of his development. Also he is letter-perfect on his theme—a matter for which students should be thankful—even though one may quarrel over the particular letters he chooses to reproduce.

To call this a complete biography of Heine, however, is to take for granted something not acknowledged by others plying Mr. Browne's biographic trade. Surely a life-history, to be complete, should be completely rounded off, and this is one-sided. We see Heine as a sensitive soul socially suffering from Judenschmerz in a country that forced every Jew to become Christian if he wished to enter an honorable profession by way of a university. We see a Hellene or Pagan fighting a Nazarene or Jew within himself—a still more devastating conflict for a genius. We see a mystic fighting realities; a tortured creature torturing others in his turn; a freedom-lover taking arms against German Junkerdom; an unsuccessful lover bewailing his evil fate.

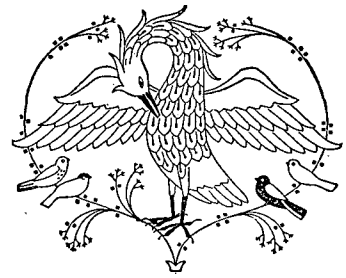
Mr. Browne is capable of saying:

> Had he been possessed of a healthy mind, he would not have felt the need to flee at every crisis to his fantasy world. He would have been able to meet the harshest exigencies without a tremor and would have at least *tried* to vanquish them in reality.

Is the world richer for poets who refuse to flee to their fantasy worlds? One rather thinks of this as the counsel given to highly strung soldiers, driven by national necessities to shouldering a gun.

There is no relief in this book for those to whom the picture of continuous mental and moral struggle is harassing. We do not see the audacious young student who, knapsack on back, strode away from boring Göttingen, "famous for its sausages and university," to write his inimitable "Harzreise." We do not see the borrower from banker Uncle Solomon who, given four hundred pounds purely for "window-dressing" purposes with London bankers, promptly cashed the check to pay old friends and then had the impudence to inform the same uncle that he must pay something for the honor of bearing the borrower's name! A horror to his enemies, devastating as vitriol to those who offended, Heine yet had friends; but Mr. Browne shows them only as people to whom the poet went in his need to beg. Heine, of course, lacked the aristocratic dash of Shelley, but yet he had a dash all his own, and we miss it in this biography.

Mr. Browne takes for granted much gossip about Heine's relations with women. Was it necessary for anyone as good-



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looking, as talented, and as distinguished to pick prostitutes indiscriminately off the streets? Was it possible, granted he did so, that he could contract from such contact a spinal disease so disastrous to his frame and so innocuous to his brain? As Michael Monahan points out in his much more sympathetic book, Daudet and Maupassant suffered from the same nervous trouble, but in their cases it was ascribed to the sensitive organization that accompanies outstanding genius—which Heine had.

No, Mr. Browne's picture of Heine is by no means complete. We get, so to speak, only one side of his face. Still, Mr. Browne's book is important for Heine lovers. That anyone should go so deeply into Heine lore is something to be grateful for. Heine has been neglected despite his status in German literature, perhaps for the very reason that Mr. Browne has so completely shown. His was a complex character, racially, politically, even poetically. Much of what the biographer ascribes to Judenschmerz in Heine's youth was probably simply Weltschmerz, that disease from which even Gentiles suffer. He, too, had to pass through his "Sturm und Drang" period, as even Schiller, the pious, had. Mr. Browne has painted the despised Heine, the hated Heine (hating even himself), the Heine who deserved often to be ostracized, the Heine of the caustic tongue and acid pen. The trouble is that the book is as easy reading as the lightest fiction, with the result that those who do not know and love the poet for his poetry and the satirist for his wit may get a wrong impression—and never read more than Lewis Browne.

NORAH MEADE

The Primitive Thinker

Primitive Man as Philosopher. By Paul Radin. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

DR. RADIN presents an arresting and radical thesis. We have learned that the cave-dwellers of southern France in remote prehistoric times were skilled artists, that the skull capacity of the Cro-Magnons was as ample as our own; we are now presented with the evidence that lo! the poor Indian was, and remains, a philosopher.

The false view of primitive man is due to the different centering of his interests and consequent pursuits or ceremonies and to the prejudices of the ethnologists committed to finding the mentality of primitive people inferior to their own. Primitive life stresses the world of sensation and action, from which the academic mind has freed itself in behalf of a logic suited to its pursuits. It is prone to regard as superstitious any procedures diverging from its own standards. When a poisoned arrow is discharged along a deer-trail to bring good hunting, that "magical" rite is but part of the total action; the selection of the proper trail at the proper season being quite as essential a part of the practical ceremony. Rationalists like Voltaire may explain in sophisticated satire that incantations together with a sufficient amount of arsenic will kill your neighbor's sheep. The primitive man is content with the result and hesitates to omit what he may regard as the superstitious part of the total procedure.

According to Dr. Radin our whole picture of the primitive mind is askew. The error started with Tylor and his doctrine of "animism"; Levy-Bruhl's correction of a pre-logical mentality and the doctrine of "psychic participation" to explain the relation of doer and (ceremonial) deed was still wide of the truth. The primitive man, like the peasant, is practical-minded, and will not ask rain from a cloudless sky during the dry season. The magical content, when it is introduced, is so much added stimulation toward his goal, and it is nothing more. We fail to appreciate how adequately sensations, emotions, and intuitions may function in determining choice of conduct including the ceremonial, and may be not pre-logical or illogical but on a par with our cherished forms of analysis. Primitive man is as good a thinker as the rest of us; he has his own way of applying his mental powers.

Primitive man lives deeply in the present; he lives as an individual, though accepting the social structure of his tribe. Like the Oriental weaver of rugs, he follows his tribal pattern but with an individual touch of design. He may depart, withdraw, protest, or venture at his own risk; and the chief risk he runs is that of ridicule. He may exercise undisputed the right to be foolish. He accepts with the same directness the validity of his subjective life.

In defending and extending this thesis, Dr. Radin makes an added point. "Among primitive peoples there exists the same distribution of temperament and ability as among us." As among us, only the few intellectuals do much thinking, and the amazing autobiography of the Winnebago "Crashing Thunder" which Dr. Radin has presented is the record of one such most exceptional "primitive" man. But this very desire for glory or career is a common primitive trait preparing the way for self-expression and a hero's part.

Turning next to myth, proverbs, parables, poems, reflections, there appears an authentic literature to corroborate the philosophic trend. But personalities, virtues, systems, cosmogonies, religious precepts as theistic as our own, skepticisms and critiques here play a part quite familiar to the mental fauna and flora of what we regard as more cultivated regions of culture. The social relations, the family ties, the consideration for women, the tenderness toward children which prohibits their physical punishment, the sense of equity and fidelity, the respect for the experienced, the calm imperturbability in disaster—these suggest a tribally regulated world, conducive to wholesome adjustment and content. In disaffected mood over the glaring shortcomings of our own social conditions, one may well reflect: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Winnebago!"

The documentation of Dr. Radin is formidable enough to upset the complacency of the orthodox version of primitive man. It is a rose-colored picture of an enthusiastic defender of the cause of the aborigines, perhaps over-colored by the impressiveness of exceptional examples. Men in the mass have rarely been inspiring; great periods occur when they yield to great leaders. But the evolutionary view of mind in the making may still be maintained, when due allowance is made for Dr. Radin's drastic corrections of our preconceptions.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Renaissance and Reformation

The Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Thinkers of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Brentano's. $3.

THIS series of popular lectures delivered at King's College, University of London, is introduced by the principal, Ernest Barker. On the whole the lectures, with the possible exception of that on Thomas More, stand the transformation into literary essays quite well, but if those which deal with Nicholas of Cusa, Luther, and Calvin are "popular" lectures, London audiences are of tougher intellectual fiber than ours. Perhaps it is natural that the two Englishmen, Sir John Fortescue and Sir Thomas More, fare best. At any rate those two lectures combine fresh interpretation with genuine interest for the inexpert, and to their select company should be added a particularly charming, original, and convincing lecture on Erasmus. The editor is responsible for the introductory lecture on Renaissance and Reformation and for another on Machiavelli. He reveals a mastery of popularization, but as much cannot be said of his interpretations. The introductory lecture referred to contains a number of swift generalizations whose brilliance is dimmed by their inevitable inaccuracy, and, while the lecture on Machiavelli is markedly ingenious and performs a real service in its emphasis on its subject's interest in the art of war, it becomes involved in an explanation of Machiavelli's political theory which will not easily hold water. Those who read it will at

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least be driven to reread "The Prince," but not many of them will agree to the argument that "Machiavelli's sympathies were wholly republican; one of the finer traits in his cynical and repellent character is his faith in the people—"a faith," remarks the author, "not very easy to reconcile with his pessimistic estimate of individual human nature." It would be still more difficult to reconcile it with the pervasive tone of "The Prince." Arguing from the democratic enthusiasm of the "Discourses on Livy" makes necessary a number of not very convincing solutions of paradox.

The lecturers are the Editor, E. F. Jacob, Miss A. E. Levett, A. W. Reed, J. A. K. Thomson, J. W. Allen, and the Reverend W. R. Matthews. Disregarding variation in literary charm, the lectures of greatest historical interest would appear to be those on Nicholas of Cusa, Sir John Fortescue, Erasmus, and Luther.

BARTLET BREBNER

Books in Brief

The Unbearable Bassington. By "Saki" (H. H. Munro). The Viking Press. $1.50.

The Chronicles of Clovis. By "Saki" (H. H. Munro). The Viking Press. $1.50.

The first two volumes of a projected edition. "Saki" was ...e sort of literary phenomenon that is produced only by the very highest reaches of a typically English journalism. A trenchant and rather over-pitiless wit, a dandiacal elegance of phrase, a brilliant knowledge of the more useless elements of the British upper middle classes—these gifts he brought to a series of novels and stories whose dry, satiric flavor still stimulates the palates of a faithful "Saki" cult.

The Bullfighters. By Henry de Montherlant. Translated from the French by Edwin Gile Rich. The Dial Press. $2.50.

The most astonishing volume of this Gallic Chesterton. Montherlant, himself a bullfighter of considerable renown and the inveterate enemy of the French "cérébralistes," here devotes himself to a fictional evocation of the most sanguinary of passions. It is not hard to see why Montherlant's subtle primitivism should have pricked the jaded emotions of the Parisians: his pictures of the bull ring, his unhesitating self-identification with the souls of strong animals, his powerful apotheosis of physical struggle will hold any reader who is willing to forget that Montherlant's themes are slight, his characters laughably romantic, and himself just a bit of a histrion.

Moor Fires. By E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Those fortunate readers who experienced a calm delight in the reading of "William," Mrs. Young's first novel to be published here, will be slightly disappointed with "Moor Fires." The calm is there; but much of the delight is gone. The humor is less continuous, the plot more obtrusive, and one misses the central dynamic quality provided by the unforgettable hero of the earlier book. Mrs. Young remains, nevertheless, the inevitable novelist for intelligent middle-aged parents who are not too "literary" and like to stay at home evenings with what used to be called "a good book."

The Exile. By Mary Johnston. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

A historical novel of the future, delicately done, written with beauty, but nevertheless with a thinness and an unreality that make it almost dull.

Dream of a Woman. By Remy de Gourmont. Translated from the French by Lewis Galantière. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

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obviously that one is forced to read this volume in a mood of tender reminiscence. It makes one start and say to oneself: "Is it possible that there is less than a generation between De Gourmont and Gide? How they have grown, these Frenchmen!"

Shelley: His Life and Work. By Walter Edwin Peck. Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. $12.50.

This biography was reviewed in *The Nation* for June 1, 1927. It is noted again because it has now a new publisher.

On the Steppes. By James N. Rosenberg. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Mr. Rosenberg had enough material for a fair-sized article and he has written a book of more than 200 pages. His facts are substantially true although somewhat sugared. Jewish colonization in Russia is a success. It is accompanied, however, by a good deal of suffering that is entirely unnecessary and could easily be avoided if our rich American Jews would only consent to delve somewhat deeper into their pockets. The Joint Distribution Committee is doing very good work in Russia, but it is not doing enough. The Soviet Government is doing most of the work and the J.D.C. is getting most of the credit. Mr. Rosenberg's work will not have been in vain, however, if it should convince the J.D.C., of which Mr. Rosenberg himself is vice-president, to devote larger funds toward the colonization of the so-called declassed Jew in Russia.

Why Rome Fell. By Edward Lucas White. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Edward Lucas White, the well-known author of "El Supremo" and "Andivius Hedulio," is the last of a long line of courageous men to attempt an explanation of why Rome fell. Mr. White has read most of the literary sources and has pulled out many an argumentative plum that less imaginative scholars have missed. He can also write with a vigor and pungency that only H. G. Wells among historians—if he be one—would undertake to match. The demonstration of how the great Wall of China effected the Roman Empire we should welcome in an examination paper if only because of its ingenuity. The indictment of Christianity as the chief culprit would certainly satisfy Nietzsche, though scholars will doubtless ask for confirmative documents. It is a misfortune that one who can write so entertainingly should not have known something of the inscriptions and papyri that every serious student of Roman society has at his command. But who wants facts in a history? The readers who know enough about Rome to comprehend where Mr. White abandons the available data for romancing will know how much to accept, and the rest would do well to enjoy the book as a sequel to "Andivius Hedulio."

The Playgoer's Handbook to the English Renaissance Drama. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. The Macmillan Company.

A brief critical discussion of the chief Elizabethan and Jacobean playwrights intended for the layman interested chiefly in the plays from the standpoint of a present-day playgoer. The comments are sensible and the author's point of view may be illustrated by his general estimate of the literature with which he is dealing: "A great part of Elizabethan drama, like a great part of any other age's drama, is rubbish. A good deal more of it is rather dead. Yet there remains a body of fine imaginative work, at the best of it white-hot with fiery energy, deep-reaching and far-reaching, with a strong, noble beauty and profound humanity."

The Architect in History. By Martin S. Briggs. Oxford University Press.

The medieval architect has been much praised for his selfless anonymity. The author of the present volume summarizes the good reasons for believing that this architect was merely a victim of the same habits which lead people today to ask the name of the author of a book or a symphony but to accept a building as something which merely occurred; and he has attempted to remedy the ignorance of even educated persons by throwing as much light as possible upon the personality, training, methods, and professional status of the architect from ancient times through the nineteenth century. His book is both solid and entertaining.

Italian Primitives at Yale University. Comments and Revisions. By Richard Offner. Yale University Press.

A handsomely illustrated study of a relatively little-known collection which possesses no great names but is rich in paintings of great historical value. The author is professor in the history of fine arts at New York University and a very capable exponent of technical criticism in the manner of Berenson.

Shakespeare and Demi-Science. By Felix E. Schelling. The University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.50.

This volume comprises a dozen essays dealing with Shakespeare or with Elizabethan and Caroline literature. When Professor Schelling is a scholar—as he is on nine pages out of ten—he is very, very good, but when he is facetious—as he will be on the tenth page—he is awful.

Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell. Selected and with a Special Introduction by Bertrand Russell. The Modern Library. Ninety-five cents.

In his introduction Mr. Russell offers an autobiographical account of how he passed from an interest in logistic and mathematical problems, culminating in the "Principia Mathematica," 1910, to an almost exclusive preoccupation with social and political philosophy—and practice! But in the order of the excerpted writings, the reader is made to pass from the most sentimental expression of Mr. Russell's earliest Weltschmerz (e.g. "The Free Man's Worship," 1902) through the various stages of his idealistic reconstruction of the social and economic order (e.g. "Why Men Fight," "Proposed Roads to Freedom," "Education and the Good Life") to reach finally, after a trip to China, concluding sections concerned with epistemology, symbolic logic, and pure mathematics ("Our Knowledge of the External World," "The Analysis of Mind," and the "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy"). Does this order mean that Mr. Russell wishes his readers to proceed, unlike himself, from the social scene to the horizon of pure theory? Or does he hope, perhaps, that by conducting the reader in this manner he may enjoy vicariously a regression to the serene contemplation in the days before the war cut his academic umbilicus. There is a philosophic paradox also in the fact that in 1914 Mr. Russell lectured on our knowledge of the external world, and yet it was at that date he began to find it impossible to shut the world out of his thoughts when he entered his study. However, two new books come from his pen this year, and we shall see.

NOTE. The Nation *has discontinued its annual poetry contest. The Midwinter (February) Book Number, however, will as usual place an especial emphasis upon poetry. Further announcement will be made later.*

Music

Korngold's "Violanta"

IN these days of cerebral outpourings, when music has to a certain degree become the handmaid of an over-neurotic age, it is quite refreshing to find a young composer of opera who boldly chooses melodrama as his libretto and attempts to gild its creaking hinges with the glamor of his muse. For a diluted variety of melodrama the librettist of "Violanta" has un-

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doubtedly provided, and only an occasional vein of fantasy saves this headlong Venetian play from falling into the realm of the tawdry and commonplace.

To a youth of seventeen such a libretto no doubt offered a sufficiently ardent challenge; unfortunately, however, Korngold was not a musical entity when he wrote "Violanta," and consequently he falls violently on to the horns of a dilemma. The play demands the same sort of stark realism of treatment that Puccini employs with signal success in "Tosca." Such a process, however, Korngold adopts in too unconvincing a fashion, and consequently we have tragedy that struts rather than sweeps. Moreover, this over-sophisticated youth cannot allow himself to become frankly melodious; inwardly he is continually longing for lyricism, outwardly he is inhibiting his own desires. As a result we have music that is weak-kneed and badly patterned, at times even falling into the deadly category of the nondescript. And all this because, psychologically speaking, the composer evidently does not know himself. He has something that is thoroughly his own to express, and cannot find it. And so we have a style of dramatic recitative that is essentially based on Puccini and the modern Italians, and an orchestration that takes its full-blooded cue from the best Wagner-Straussian traditions, with an explosive bit of Korngold thrown into the bargain.

In spite of these obvious deficiencies, "Violanta" has merit of a sort. It is superbly picturesque as a bit of Venetian tapestry, and not all its blatant theatricality can mar a certain largesse of emotional outline and mood. The opera is exceedingly well mounted, thanks to Mr. Urban's skill, and the cast was more than adequate. Madame Jeritza made a stately if sinister Violanta, and her glorious voice added fire and endless color to a part that might have easily become artificial and monotoned. Dramatically she found it somewhat difficult not to fall into some of the exaggerations of manner that the libretto and Korngold's score almost demand—only a superhuman artist could avoid such pitfalls.

When all is said and done it is to be questioned perhaps whether the addition of "Violanta" to the Metropolitan repertoire will be of permanent value. It may be remarkable as the product of a boy of seventeen, but can it take its rightful place beside many notable contemporary works unknown as yet to our public? Might it not interest our opera management to produce such a master work as Gabriel Faure's "Penelope," not to mention many examples of the modern Russian school that have not seen the light on this side of the water?

LAWRENCE ADLER

Drama

The Genius of Reinhardt

MAX REINHARDT and his company, brought to this country by Gilbert Miller, began their season of repertory at the Century Theater with a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This is essentially the same production as that with which Reinhardt startled Berlin in 1905 and with which he established himself as the most-discussed of all theatrical directors. Twenty-two years is a long time as theatrical stage history goes; one grows rapidly accustomed to revolutionary methods, and the general conception of the present production is no longer one by any means wholly unfamiliar. It remains nevertheless as beautiful and impressive an example as one could hope to find of what may be accomplished when one thinks of the theater in terms of spectacle.

Reinhardt is a man of enormous energy, a born entrepreneur, who loves to undertake large and complicated enterprises. One year he opens the colossal Grosses Schauspielhaus in Berlin; then he rushes off to Vienna to restore the ballroom of the Imperial Palace as a theater, buys an archepiscopal palace, stages "Everyman" in front of the Salzburg cathedral, and, sandwiching the American production of "The Miracle" in between, he initiates the annual festival of Salzburg with Hofmannsthal's "The Great World Theater." Whatever calls for a nice coordination of large, apparently unmanageable machineries fascinates him, and much of his temperament is reflected in his methods of production since in his hands a theater becomes, not an intimate group like that of the Moscow Art Company, but a vast, circus-like organization with an army of diverse technicians and a regiment of supers at the head of which he stands, like a general in supreme command, bringing all his various forces to bear upon a single enterprise.

Others may boast of their economy in the use of means and of their power to work through suggestion; he rejoices rather in the complexity of his means and his effort is not to suggest but physically to realize. He makes lavish use of whatever devices money can buy or ingenuity devise—of gorgeous costumes, impressive pageants, and, most particularly, of that modern instrument of magic, the electric light. He seems to wish to ask of the audience as little and to give them as much as possible; and it is the essence of his method rather to stun the senses than to appeal to the imagination. Thus though "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was written for a theater mechanically so simple that it could make an adequate appeal to the ear alone and though much can be said in favor of producing it in a manner as nearly as possible to that which its author intended Reinhardt is content with nothing less than a complete realization of every all-but-impossible suggestion of the text. The enchanted wood must actually be filled with incredibly magic lights and shadows; fairies, appearing from nowhere, must dance with an agility hitherto existing only in Shakespeare's imagination; and, in short, the whole poem must be translated into visual terms. In Reinhardt's hands the play, ceasing to be merely a play, becomes an elaborate, highly synthetic spectacle—a thing of swelling music, shifting lights, gorgeous pageantry, the delirious ballets taking place upon an immense stage which seems boundless because its boundaries are hidden in gradually deepening shadow and which, as it is played upon by different lights coming from all directions, seems constantly dissolving and reforming itself as the occasion demands.

It is unfortunately true that many of the means which Reinhardt uses have been cheapened by their uses in vulgar spectacles and revues, that there are even moments when certain towering head-dresses and certain torch-lighted processions carry an unfortunate suggestion of Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" or Mr. Shubert's "Winter Garden," but in general this is not true for the simple reason that Reinhardt manages to make his production a harmonious whole in the presentation of which the most spectacular means actually perform their function instead of obtruding themselves as mere "stunts" upon the spectator. It is in this ability to synthesize devices which have, after all, become property of those who produce spectacles that one finds one of the chief evidences of his genius; it is in his development of a style of acting actually suitable to his methods of production that one finds another. The tendency of so vast a stage and such impressive surroundings is not merely to dwarf the size of the actor but to rob him of his vitality as well. However vivacious he would appear in an ordinary theater he would be lost in this one, and no ordinary movement would get him over such great distances without making him appear to crawl like an ant upon a table top. Reinhardt's actors have, however, heroic voices and the agility of acrobats. They so fit into the perspective that one is scarcely aware of the fact, but in actuality they bound across the vast stage and thus they people it with life.

Shakespeare would be amazed to see his own play. I am not at all sure that he would not be delighted with it since the simplicity of the Elizabethan theater was not in the least designed but merely *faux de mieux* and Reinhardt's production is an amazingly delightful thing no matter what one's ultimate opinion may be of the aesthetic principles upon which it is founded.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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